TAKE ONE

the film magazine

vol. 2 25c no. 7

2 / 6 in UK

Postage paid at Montreal

american revolution II

(Also inside, among other things: Nicholas Johnson, FCC Commissioner, "talking back"; and the short, fruitful film-making career of Norodom Sihanouk—a prince.)

telescope '71

ON FILM FROM LONDON
TO WINNIPEG TO HOLLYWOOD

One of Canadian television's longest-running and most popular series returns with filmed stories on people around the world and across the country—people in showbusiness, sports, politics, religion and every form of human endeavor.

TUESDAYS AT 8:30 PM CBC TV

BUSINESS 4
CREDITS
FEED-BACK
CLASSIFIEDS
NEWS
FESTIVALS & COMPETITIONS

Don Klugman
AMERICAN REVOLUTION II 7

Mordecai Richler
SHOULD A POOR ACTOR BE FORCED TO MAKE DO WITH LAST YEAR'S WIFE? 11

GLADIATORERNA 12

NICHOLAS JOHNSON TALKS BACK! 13

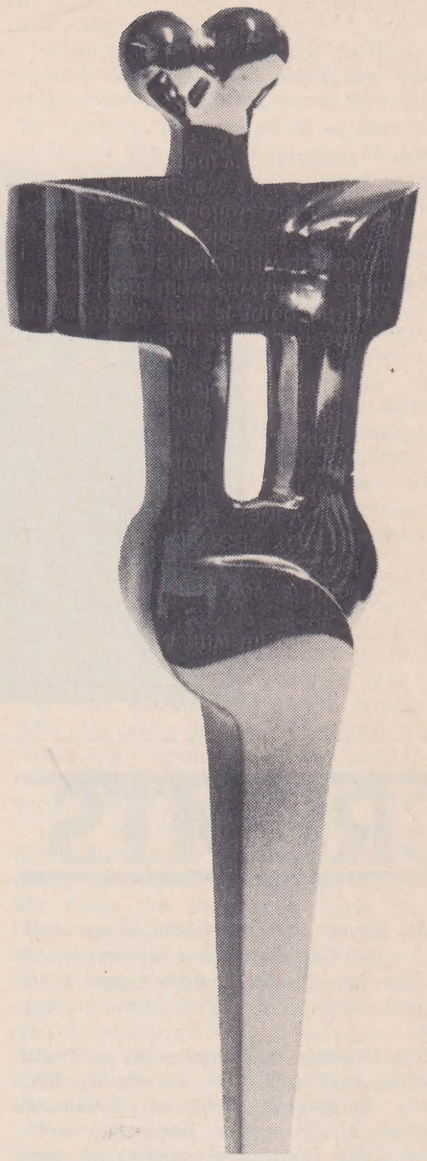
Peter Bryant
MAKING A FILM IN BELLA COOLA 17

Gordon Hitchens
THE SHORT, FRUITFUL FILM CAREER OF NORODOM SIHANOUK (A PRINCE) 19

REVIEWS 20
MYRA BRECKINRIDGE * Bruce Pittman
LITTLE FAUSS AND BIG HALSEY * Susan Rice
JOE * John Hofsess
L'AVEU * Geoffrey Minish
ACT OF THE HEART & UNTOUCHED AND PURE * Ronald Blumer
ADAM AT SIX A.M. * Susan Rice
SOLO * Geoffrey Minish
OVERLOOKED & UNDERRATED
LA PRISONNIERE * T.J. Ross

DEPARTMENTS 26
LETTER FROM N.Y.C. * Bob Cowan
SUNDRY NOTES FOR A MONDAY MORNING * Dennis Kawicki
REFLECTIONS ON THE CURRENT SCENE * Herman Weinberg
SAN FRANCISCO LETTER * Hal Aigner
LETTER FROM LISBON * Vasco Granja
BOOKS * Douglas Sharples

COVER BY SANDRA PACZKOWSKI



EDITOR & PUBLISHER: Peter Lebensold * ASSOCIATE EDITOR-PUBLISHER: Joe Medjuck * CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Ronald Blumer, Clive Denton, David Dorfman, Gordon Hitchens, John Hofsess, Bruce Martin * BOOK EDITOR: Glen Hunter * ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: Phyllis Platt * CORRESPONDENTS: *Budapest* Elizabeth Szasz; *Chicago* Don B. Klugman; *Lisbon* Vasco Granja; *London* Suzanne Budgen, Jon Demme, Mark Forstater, Harold Crooks; *Los Angeles* Tony Reif, John H. Dorr; *Montreal* Gabriel Breton, Marc Gervais; *New York* Jay Cocks, Bob Cowan, Susan Rice; *Paris* Geoffrey Minish; *San Francisco* John Bigby; *Stockholm* Lars-Olaf Lothwall, Bob Nichols; *Toronto* Allan Collins; *Vancouver* Kirk Tougas; *Wales* Bill Sherman * BUSINESS MANAGER: Tom Lewis * CIRCULATION MANAGER: Anne Walker

TAKE ONE is published bi-monthly by Unicorn Publishing Corp., Post Office Box 1778, Station B, Montreal 110, Canada. **Subscription rates**: North America, 12 issues for $3.00; Overseas, add $1.00 per 12 issues. Airmail rates on request. Subscriptions sent free to prison addresses. **Notice of change of address** should include your old address on the mailing label of a recent issue; allow four weeks. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs submitted must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. While the editors will take all reasonable care, they will not be held responsible for the loss of any such submissions. Second class mail registration number 1899. Printed at Montreal, Canada.

Copyright©1970 by Unicorn Publishing Corp. All rights reserved. No part of this magazine may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photo-copying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the Publisher. Opinions expressed are those of the author and not necessarily those of the editors or publishers of TAKE ONE.

Printed in Canada. Issue of Sept.-Oct. 1969 (Pub. date: Sept. 17, 1970)

CANADIAN FILM AWARDS

Over 100 Canadian films — features, documentaries, television drama, experimental, etc.

OPEN SCREENINGS

at
TOWN HALL, ST. LAWRENCE CENTER, TORONTO
Monday, September 28th
to
Friday, October 2nd
(International Jury Screenings)

GALA PRESENTATION OF AWARDS

Saturday, October 3rd
at
IMPERIAL THEATRE, TORONTO
Tickets for Presentation and Reception, further information,
from
Canadian Film Awards, 22 Front Street, Toronto
363-3185

Careful readers of Clive Denton's column in the last issue, who wondered at his unillustrated reference to Leslie Otis ("here pictured with the Three Stooges") will find that the photograph at right answers a lot of questions. Our apologies to all concerned.

CREDITS

Hal Aigner, until recently on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is now free-lancing and has been published in *Earth Times* and *Pacific Sun*, among others.

Peter Bryant, a 23-year-old graduate of Simon Fraser (British Columbia), had already completed **Felix**—a 30-minute theatrical short—before beginning work on the Bella Coola project that he describes in this issue. The film and article were both completed last year, and we have had no word since then.

Gordon Hitchens, until recently Editor of *Film Comment*, and a widely respected cinema historian and critic, is our newest Contributing Editor. He is currently touring the Far East.

John Hofsess, another *Take One* Contributing Editor, is currently working on promotion for **Foxy Lady** (a Canadian feature just completing shooting) and writing film criticism and articles for *Maclean's* magazine, as well as doing preparatory work on a film of his own **(Man in Pieces)** and assembling a book on the seizure and condemning (as obscene) of his last film, **Columbus of Sex.**

Dennis Kawicki is a Michigan writer-film collector. His column originally appears in *Cinéaste* magazine (144 Bleecker St., NYC 10012).

Don Klugman is a Chicago-based independent filmmaker.

Geoffrey Minish is a Canadian writer with many years of experience, currently working out of Paris.

Mordecai Richler is the author of six novels (the most recent being *Cocksure*) as well as numerous articles and essays. Montreal-born, he now lives and works in England, where his screen-writing credits have included **The Looking-Glass War, Room at the Top,** and **No Love for Johnny.**

T.J. Ross is on the English faculty at Fairleigh Dickinson University. His writings have appeared in *Film Quarterly* and *Film Heritage*, and a college reader that he edited has just appeared: *Film and the Liberal Arts,* 419 pp., Holt, Rinehart & Winston, New York.

Douglas Sharples is a Los Angeles-area actor, cameraman, editor, writer, painter, designer.

Herman G. Weinberg, a regular *Take One* contributor, has for years been a highly-respected film author and teacher. He has written two critically-acclaimed biographies (*Josef von Sternberg: A Critical Study* and *The Lubitsch Touch*) and was described by Erich von Stroheim as "The first writer who did not put the facts about me ass-backward." Mr. Weinberg's latest book, a collection of his writings 1929-1970, has just been published: *Saint Cinema*, 352 pp., Drama Book Specialists (150 West 52nd Street, NYC 10019), $8.95.

classifieds

$5 for 25 words or less (20 cents a word thereafter). Rates for more than one insertion on request.

MOVIE POSTERS — PRESSBOOKS — STILLS. Actual posters used by theatres. The classics of cinema to current releases. Thousands available. New Fall catalog $1.00 or send your "want" list. The Cinemá-Attic, Dept. CC, P.O. Box 7772, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101

●

motive magazine needs promotion-marketing editor. Full-time, $5,000-7,000. *motive* is small magazine with experimental lifestyle; allows staff members to participate in all phases of production. Preference for hiring a woman with experience in promotion. Send resume, references. CONTACT IMMEDIATELY Roy Eddey, *motive*, Box 871, Nashville, Tennessee 37202.

FEED-BACK

TAKE ONE welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters over 500 words in length. The editors assume that any letter received (unless otherwise stated) is free for publication.

Michael Goodwin, in his review of **Imitation of Christ** by Andy Warhol ("BERKELEYE", *Take One,* Vol. 2, No. 5), referring to Warhol's way of achieving a final fade-out in this film (he started his final shot at the beginning of sundown and let his camera run until daylight had decreased sufficiently to register as black on the film) asks, "Why hasn't anyone thought of this before" — as if the question could not be answered. As a matter of fact it can. The final fade-out of Norman McLaren's **Neighbors** was achieved that way, the difference being that, since McLaren was shooting single-frame action, his nightfall was considerably condensed in time. **Neighbors** was shot in 1951 and released in 1952.

Guy Glover
Director of Programming (English)
National Film Board,
Montreal

I would like to receive copies of *Take One* during the coming year, beginning with your next issue. I feel it would be an aid to the teaching of film on the high school level.

Bro. Michael Laratonda
Scotch Plains, N.J.

NEWS

In the first half of 1970, independent feature film production accounted for 39% of all films started — twice the level achieved over the last four years. Of a total of 119 features begun by American firms between the first of the year and the end of June, 46 have been the product of the independents.

Extracted from an interview with Lulu Parker Betenson, Butch Cassidy's sister, which appeared in *The Guardian* and *Los Angeles Times*: "Butch Cassidy wasn't killed by the Bolivian army, he lived to be 69 and died a natural death in 1936. Everyone in the family have always known my brother was not shot down and left for dead in South America, he visited me

years after his reputed death. We heard from him from time to time through the years until he died. It's my secret where he's buried."

●

According to *Film Society Bulletin*, Joseph E. Levine, president of Avco Embassy Pictures, has concluded an agreement with Frank Stanton, president of Cartridge Television, Inc., a subsidiary of Avco Corporation, to license a package of motion pictures for distribution in cartridge form. First films to be distributed include **Darling**, **Divorce, Italian Style**, **8½**, and **Hercules Unchained**.

●

For some extensive writing on film and the thirties, Thomas Brandon is seeking materials for the period 1929 through 1936. He is looking particularly for copies or original documents, letters, clippings, photographs, programs and other materials bearing upon the following organizations: Nykino; Japanese Workers Film Club; National Film and Photo League; Photo League of New York; Workers Film and Photo Clubs around the Nation; Films for Democracy; Film Audiences of America; The Film Forum; Detroit Cinema Guild — and other film-viewing groups of the period. Please address inquiries and materials (which will be promptly returned) to: Thomas J. Brandon, P.O. Box 27, Scarborough, New York 10510.

●

The Museum of Modern Art has selected CONTAC's TV commercial "Coldiggers of 1969" for inclusion in its permanent film collection.

●

In 1969, Americans spent $1,045 million in film theatres, $632 million in legitimate theatres, and $453 million at sports stadiums.

●

Beginning Monday, October 5, at 10:30 pm (9:30 Central), 191 Public Television stations across the United States will be showing "Flick Out", a new series of half-hour programs high-lighting the best, the most innovative, and the most irreverent of American short films. Unlike NBC's "The New Communicators", "Flick Out" will be showing all films in complete, unedited form. Producer Henry Morgenthau is still looking for 16mm films of all styles, and will pay $100 a minute for Public Television rights for each film aired. Contact him at WGBH Boston (617-868-3800).

●

Replacing the recently-resigned Dr. Hugo McPherson as head of Canada's National Film Board is 53-year-old Sydney Newman. Newman, who was the Film Board's fifth employee (joining in July 1941), went on to preside over drama at the British Broadcasting Corp. and has, most recently, directed the program branch of the Canadian Radio-Television Commission. Watch for an interview in our next issue.

●

Richard Nixon, who screened **Patton** just prior to the Cambodian decision, leaves the booking to Tricia, it turns out. Films are selected from a list of available titles by a White House military aide working through the Armed Forces Distribution Service. Other films screened by the President and his family since he assumed office are: **The Sound of Music**, **The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit**, **The Bridge on the River Kwai**, **Marooned**, **The Odd Couple**, **Quo Vadis**, **War and Peace**, **Dr. Zhivago**.

●

An exciting development in 16mm photography which should be of considerable interest to low-budget filmmakers has recently been publicized. The process — called Super 16 — is one which enables filmmakers to put a larger image on 16mm film by extending the image into the normally unexposed sound track area. The process is aimed at those filmmakers who prefer the cheapness and portablity of 16mm equipment but intend to blow the finished product up to 35mm for use in theatres. Since the Super 16 image has a format similar to that used in the theatres (1.66:1), considerably less enlargement is required during the blow-up, resulting in greater clarity and less grain. Normal 16mm cameras can be made Super with a slight modification of the lens and aperture gate. (For more complete information see *American Cinematographer*, June 1970.)

FESTIVALS & COMPETITIONS

The XII International **Festival of Documentary and Short Films** is to be held at Bilbao (Spain) between the 23rd and the 28th of this November. Any documentary film (of any length), or any non-documentary film of less than 36 minutes, finished later than July 1st, 1968 may be entered. Prints may be 35mm or 16mm (the latter either optical or magnetic track). Top prize is 50,000 pesetas. For full information write: Bilbao Film Festival, Gran Via, No. 17, Bilbao, Spain.

○

Concurrent with the 13th edition of the International Film & TV Festival of New York (Americana Hotel, October 27-30), this year will be held for the first time an **International Film & TV Expo and Fair**, which will display current equipment, techniques and services, with special emphasis on the latest achievements in Videotape and Computerized Film Production. There will also be a buyer's and seller's market for films and television productions along the lines of European fairs. Full details for both the Expo and the Film Festival may be had from: Industrial Exhibitions, Inc., 121 West 45th Street, New York, New York 10036.

○

The Cork Film Festival is holding (Sept. 21) an International **Conference on Short Film Festivals**. Chaired by Prof. Asa Briggs, delegates from 16 countries will discuss measures to secure international recognition and support for such festivals. Write: The Secretary, National Panel for Film Festivals, Box 76, Hercules Road, London SE1, England.

○

The Malta Cine Circle **Eleventh International Film Festival** is being held in October. Information and entry forms from: Dr. W.A. Sultana, Chairman, Golden Knight Intl. Amateur Film Festival, Box 450, Malta.

○

The Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers (SMPTE) is holding a special two-day symposium at New York's Hilton Hotel on the subject of **cable television**. The symposium will be held within the framework of the SMPTE's 108th Technical Conference (October 4-9).

○

A film program is being organized for the White House Conference on Children which will be held in Washington December 13-18 of this year. Four thousand people are expected to attend and festivals of **films for, by and about children** will be one of the feature attractions. Information on any such films should be sent to Victor Margolin, Children and Youth, P.O. Box 19, Washington, D.C. 20044, who will then request preview prints of the films which might be appropriate for Conference use.

○

The next **International Film Festival of Nyon** (Switzerland) will take place October 20-25. The Festival will highlight films (in 16mm and 35mm) illustrating the theme "Human Society" (in competition for the Golden Sesterce), but there will also be out-of-competition showings, retrospectives and discussion groups. For more information write: Festival de Nyon, c/o Maison Lavanchy, CH-1001 Lausanne, Switzerland.

○

This year's **Leipzig Documentary and Short Film Festival** for Cinema and Television Films will be held November 21-28. Entries to the competition (which features first prize of a golden Dove — valued at $800 — in each of five categories) can be documentaries for cinema or television, as well as popular scientific films and cartoons. Prize-winners in past years have included Richard Leacock, the Maysles, Emile de Antonio and Peter Gessner. For more information, write: XII International Leipzig Film Festival, Burgstrasse 27, 102 Berlin, German Democratic Republic.

○

The Chicago International Film Festival (November 7-21, 1970) is asking filmmakers of all ages and all nations to conceive, design and produce an original 60-second motion picture (16mm or 35mm) exploring man's existing state: "The Condition of Man". First-prize winner picks up a Gold Hugo and $1000. Winners and honourable mentions go on a world-wide tour in 1971. For more information write: Michael J. Kutza, Jr., Director, 6th Annual Chicago International Film Festival, 12 East Grand Avenue, Room 301, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Films and entry fees ($5 per film) must reach the Festival by October 1.

"The funniest movie I've seen this year! It's about marriage, love, sex, passion, lack of passion, seduction, divorce, religion, freedom and happiness, not necessarily in that order. This kind of movie a reviewer should pay to see! Just go, run, to see it!"
—Archer Winsten, New York Post

"The real attraction of 'Lovers and Other Strangers' is its cast, which is large and excellent. But my greatest pleasure is in Richard Castellano, who plays a middle-class Italian, with superb, befuddled, heavy-set delicacy and solemn good humor—and who for all his retiring modesty, very nearly steals the film!"
—Roger Greenspun, New York Times

"Hysterically funny from beginning to end!"
—David Goldman, WCBS Radio

"One of the best American films of the year!"
—Joseph Gelmis, Newsday

" 'Lovers and Other Strangers' is enjoyable to hilarious, often painfully so! Richard Castellano's performance is flawless, with the dimensions which could well place him into Academy Award contention!"
—Hollywood Reporter

LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS

ABC PICTURES CORP PRESENTS A DAVID SUSSKIND PRODUCTION
"LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS"
Starring (Alphabetically) BEATRICE ARTHUR · BONNIE BEDELIA · MICHAEL BRANDON
RICHARD CASTELLANO · HARRY GUARDINO · ANNE JACKSON
CLORIS LEACHMAN AND GIG YOUNG BASED ON THE PLAY BY JOSEPH BOLOGNA
AND RENEE TAYLOR · PRODUCED ON THE NEW YORK STAGE BY STEPHANIE SILLS
SCREENPLAY BY RENEE TAYLOR, JOSEPH BOLOGNA, AND DAVID ZELAG GOODMAN
MUSIC BY FRED KARLIN · PRODUCED BY DAVID SUSSKIND · DIRECTED BY CY HOWARD
A SUBSIDIARY OF THE AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANIES, INC. | METROCOLOR® | DISTRIBUTED BY CINERAMA RELEASING CORPORATION.

MICHAEL KANE
ANDRÉ LAWRENCE

A Sensuous Crossing of the Generation Gap!

18 YEARS Adults

COLOR

LOVE IN A 4 LETTER WORLD

Directed by John SONE | Produced by Arthur VORONKA | KAYLE CHERNIN | HELEN WHYTE | CANDY GREENE | PIERRE LETOURNEAU | MONIQUE MERCURE

NOW PLAYING ACROSS CANADA
FROM CINEPIX

CANADA'S INTERNATIONAL FILM LAB AND SOUND STUDIO SERVICE

With a reputation second to none, the Pathé-Humphries group offers both the Canadian and foreign producer a total motion picture lab and sound recording service in Eastman Colour 35, 16 and Super 8mm, Ektachrome 16mm, ECO2 and ME4 and B&W 35, 16 & 8mm including colour intermediates all formats, overnight dailies, editing and negative cutting, Technicolour cartridge loading, edge coding and scratch removal, Hazeltine colour analyzer, sound mixing and dubbing, sound transfer magnetic and optical, sound striping, release printing, electronic printing, music recording.

Pathé HUMPHRIES OF CANADA LIMITED

TORONTO
PATHÉ-HUMPHRIES OF CANADA LIMITED
9 BROCKHOUSE ROAD
TORONTO 520, ONTARIO
AREA CODE 416 PHONE 259-7811

VANCOUVER
TRANS-CANADA FILMS LTD.
916 DAVIE STREET
VANCOUVER 1, B.C.
AREA CODE 604 PHONE 682-4646

MONTREAL
ASSOCIATED SCREEN INDUSTRIES LTD.
2000 NORTHCLIFFE AVENUE
MONTREAL 28, QUEBEC
AREA CODE 514 PHONE 484-1186

When filming anywhere in Canada let Cinevision supply all your rental needs

CAMERAS
● BNC Mitchells ● Arriflex 16 & 35mm ● Arri BL ● Eclair 16 ● Blimps 16 & 35 ● Angenieux Zooms ● Cooke, Kinoptik, Schneider ● Kiifit Lens

DOLLIES
● Moviola ● ColorTran ● Elemack ● Worral Heads ● Fluid Heads ● Tripods

LIGHTING
Complete line of studio and location equipment. Authorized dealers for Mole-Richardson ● ColorTran Sylvania & Westinghouse

CAMERA SERVICE DEPT.
● Factory Trained Personnel ● Machine Shop

SOUND
● Nagras ● Electrovoice ● Sennheisser

GENERATORS
● Blimped — 10 — 1000 Amp.

SOUND STAGE FACILITIES
● (50' x 80') with grid

CAMERA TRUCKS

Cinevision... Canada's Trusted Equipment Rental House

NOW WITH OFFICES IN MONTREAL AND TORONTO
2000 Northcliffe Ave * Montreal 260 * 487-5010
244 Simcoe Street * Toronto 133 * 362-6611

AMERICAN REVOLUTION II

PART 1: impressions

by DON KLUGMAN

I wonder if people understand the significance of what happened at the Democratic convention in Chicago almost three years ago — whether they see it as the moment in history when the despair of Blacks, Spanish-Americans and Appalachian whites penetrated the consciousness of students, intellectuals and one-time liberals; sparked a growing unrest now evident in uprisings, so-called riots and a daily-increasing number of deaths among both the militant and uninterested bystanders.

The Makers of **American Revolution II** were at the convention; and while newsmen walked away with superficial stories of radical or fascist conspiracy, of police or mob brutality, these filmmakers searched for deeper truths in the day-to-day experiences of the people.

They began at the convention — among do-gooders, young radicals, hecklers, National Guardsmen and the police. They filmed the now-legendary police charge; shot and edited it with expertise. But, despite their virtuosity, this sequence is not very different from similar news footage we've seen on TV. The filmmakers are conscious of this. They've captured the emotion and the senselessness of a newsreel, but they indicate to us with a fascinating detachment that their real story is not about confrontation in the streets. It's a story on second-class citizenship among the poor; a story of innocent men beaten on the city streets not during a special-event convention but every day; of people held by the police without bond; of daily harassment; of reaction to that harassment.

A man from the ghetto laughs at liberals who were surprised by police roughness at the convention. He laughs because the everyday treatment his people receive from the police is worse. A young guardsman explains why demonstrators at the convention were not allowed to march into the ghetto. The newly-oppressed liberals might be joined by the long-oppressed Blacks, and mere head-beating could not control such a force.

A flow of motion becomes evident in beatings and the surging crowd — a dance of injury and violence artfully played against an insistent countertheme: This really happened; that man really bled; that boy was really clubbed; and we're reminded of recent news stories, tenth-page stories about lawsuits against the police being dismissed for insufficient evidence.

The filmmakers take us to a poolhall in the ghetto, to meetings in the homes of the oppressed, to neighborhood councils of the middle class where the question is asked: What will you do to help the poor? The answer: We want to help you, but you embarrass us — your poverty, your lurid language and your newly-acquired pushy ways. However our committee on human relations will continue to investigate your problem. Non-involvement is evident not only in the words but in the faces and the very postures of these middle-Americans; and we realize that we're witnessing a greater horror in this rejection of the People than we saw in the physical struggle at the convention.

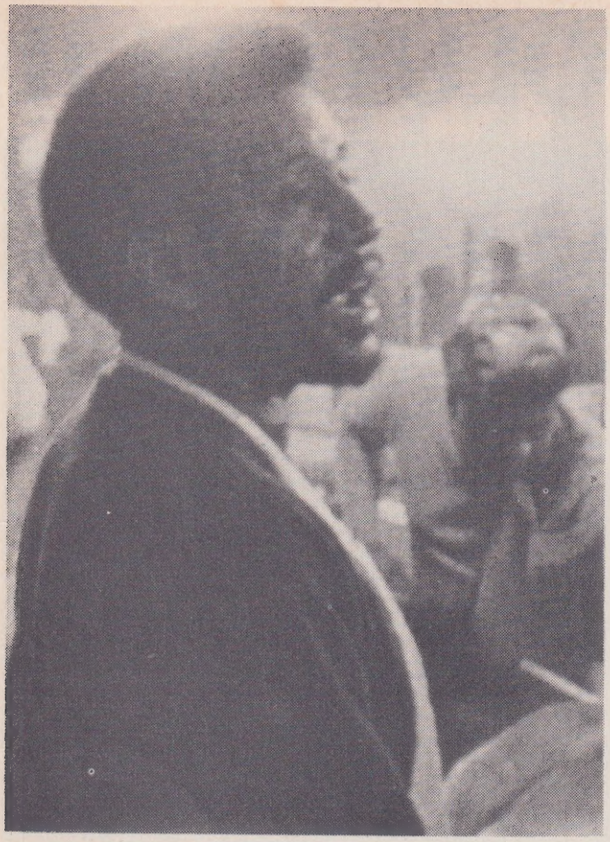
We're at a meeting of Appalachian people. Chairman Chuck Geary talks about the hard life in Chicago's Uptown neighborhood. He reminds his audience that other Chicagoans have it bad, and he introduces a young Black, Bobby Lee. Lee believes poverty unifies people of all race. He asks — a Black man asks Southern whites — if these people have been victimized by the police; and a young woman, a baby in her arms, answers: The police came. They beat my brother. They threatened me. Other men and women tell their stories, and Bobby Lee places his hand on the shoulder of the young woman who spoke first — a gesture of courage, unremarked and unremarkable — two people united by poverty and injustice.

It's made clear that Bobby Lee is a member of the Black Panther Party. Interesting.

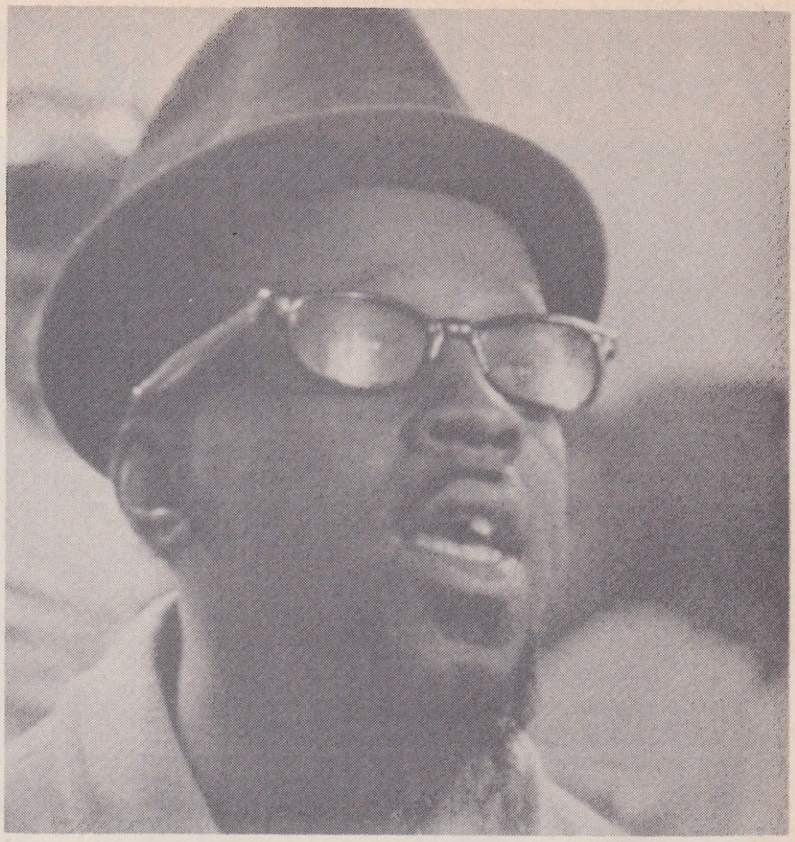
It's made clear that the Black Panthers are working in concert with poor white and Spanish Americans. Also interesting.

It's made clear that the men at the leading edge of this movement are young men — Black Panthers, Young Lords (a Spanish organization); Young Patriots and the United People (Appalachian groups). Still more interesting.

A representative of the Chicago Police Department faces a committee of the People. They complain of daily police brutality,



Man in pool hall: "If you don't have no money, you don't have no law."



Man in pool hall: "What happened at the Democratic convention was something that happened to white folks. The Black people understand this. It's something that's been happening to them for years."

and he demands specific instances. They cite specific instances, and he suggests they were provoked by the People, not the police. More instances are cited, and he suggests that there are a few bad cops in every precinct. A Black man complains of police prejudice and is told: I sympathize with you for being a Negro. This is **American Revolution II** — not a history of a revolution but a story of its reason and its growth. In the time since the film was shot there has been an expansion of revolutionary rhetoric; an aggrandizement of revolutionary drama; a forgetting of the idea that revolution applies to People. Haskell Wexler's **Medium Cool** hovers on the periphery of the issue; Robin Spry's **Prologue** overpersonalizes. Peter Whitehead's **The Fall** loses the story of the People in the grandness of Vietnam protests and the tragedies of Kennedy and King. These are excellent films, despite their purchased riot footage and their distant view of poverty and revolution. But they seem insubstantial beside **American Revolution II** by the Film Group.

PART 2: filmmaker's STATEMENT (mike GRAY)

The Democratic National Convention occurred at a time when we were shooting some Colonel Sanders Chicken commercials. A lot of my friends were saying, "Hey, man, it's insanity down there; they're beating up guys from the press; the police are going insane." And I said, "I don't believe that."

Then it was Wednesday, and we kept hearing this, and I decided that we would look into it. You know we've got a twenty-five thousand dollar camera rig that we normally use to shoot chicken commercials with; but Wednesday afternoon we decided to go down there and take a look.

Well it just happened, by accident, that we were at the corner of 18th and Balbo at the moment that the now-famous Commander Riordan led the memorable charge of the eighteen minutes. I think that was the most significant event in our cognizance. Up 'til that point I was simply your standard middle-class neighborhood capitalist; I had always thought I was part of the establishment. But that Wednesday night I found that wasn't true.

Let me say that my war is not specifically with the police, because now I think the police will do whatever the establishment tells them to. But we decided that night that we were going to make a film about the convention.

We began by making a contribution of film, money and time to Quest's film, **The Seasons Change.** We shot interviews for them here in Chicago. **The Seasons Change** was the ACLU's answer to Mayor Daley's **What Trees Do They Plant,** and both films are propaganda. But what we were interested in was the truth — discover what really went on there and why.

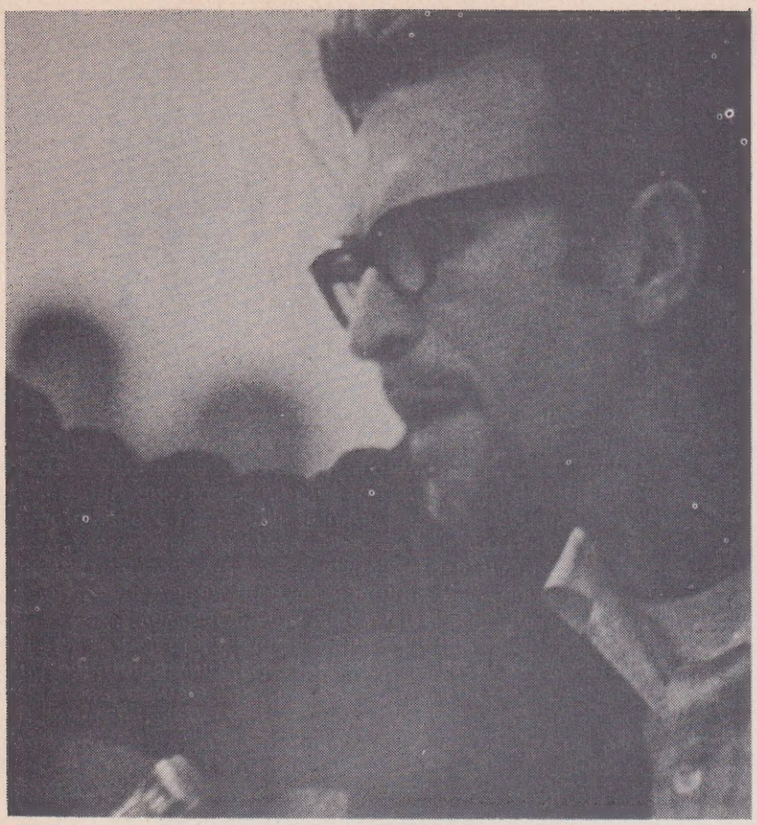
We shot interviews through the fall. First we went to the Black community to see what they had to say about it. They said — "They come down here and whup Niggers every night, and there ain't nothing said about it. Now just because a bunch of white dudes get beat up at the Democratic convention, everybody's upset." So we began to find specific references to overt, incredible massive police brutality in the Black community — which people have always known about but have chosen to ignore.

At that time, accidentally, we happened to run across a guy who was a Black Panther. He introduced us to other Black Panthers who introduced us to other concerned Blacks.

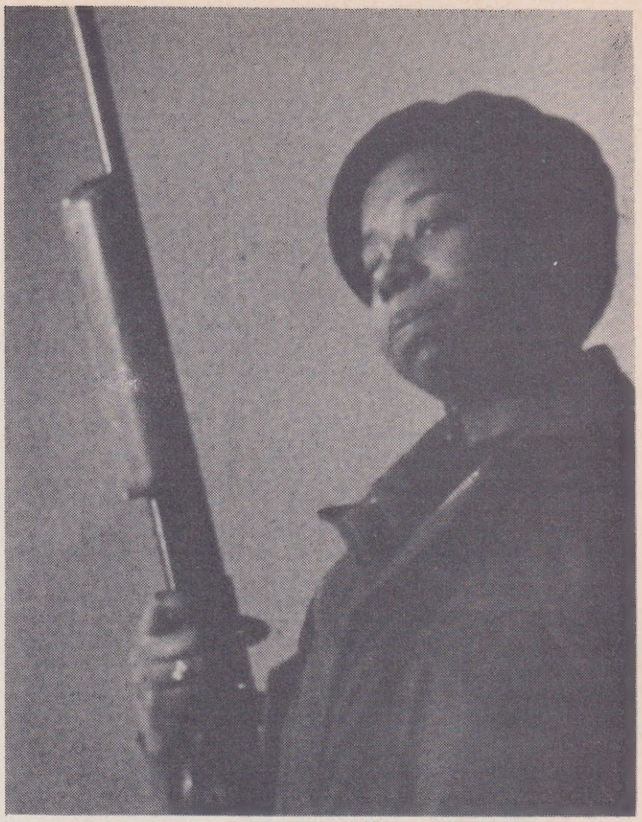
Howard Alk, of course, had a major responsibility. He cut the film, and it is an editing piece. There is a mountain of out takes. It's a McLuhanesque presentation with an incredible amount of information. You can only get snippets of it. But the impression that you get from this bombardment of situations, incidents and information is — well, people have to see for themselves.

The point is that none of us had any idea this was going on. The only thing we knew was that the Black community was bored to death with the whole idea of the Democratic National Convention. They were just completely uninterested. They knew that the white kids were going to get their asses beat. We — the white middle class — were the only ones amazed by what went on.

The convention was to be the end of the film. But then we thought: if this is true among the Blacks, let's speak to poor whites who also say that they're getting pushed around by the



Chuck Geary of the United People (Appalachian group): "The rich man has to have a dog to kick, and we're the dog."



Black Panther sister: "My thing is picking up my damn gun; to have my baby in one hand, my gun in the other and whoppin' up honkies, saying, 'I'm here motherfuckers, to get what's mine!' "

police. Let's hear what they have to say.

They concurred — and thus the second part of our film — a counterpoint of black and white people speaking. At the very end of this part we were at a meeting of middle-class whites being addressed by poor southern whites when out of the woodwork a guy stood up and announced that he was a section leader for the Black Panther Party, and he said he had nothing to add to what those poor whites had said because, in his words, "it looks like we're all Niggers."

That moment is when the film really achieved dramatic quality, and we realized that this was not simply a social essay but a theatrical film. The man said, "I am a member of the Black Panther Party, and I stand with my white brothers," and we realized that something very unusual was happening. We pursued it, and the Panthers arrived on the scene with the Appalachian whites in the Uptown area and in a very dramatic meeting convinced them that they had a lot in common — a lot more together than apart.

Then the thing is ultimately resolved in the third part of the film. The film, as it plays, is almost a diary of my own expanding awareness of life.

PART 3: INTERVIEW

(Mike Gray and Howard Alk for The Film Group; Bobby Rush, Bobby Lee and Nathaniel Junior, Chairman, Secretary and Field Secretary for the Black Panther Party of Illinois; Chacha Jimenez, Chairman of the Young Lords; Don B. Klugman for TAKE ONE.)

TAKE ONE: Did you start with an outline?

GRAY: No, it was pure investigative reporting.

TAKE ONE: The strong youth emphasis in the film —how did that happen?

GRAY: Young people are where it's at. They're the front edge of change, whether you call it revolution or whatever you call it. These guys are the movers and shakers in this town. They will reshape it.

TAKE ONE (to Bobby Lee): When the Film Group came to you with their idea, what made you want to help them?

LEE: It struck us as good because film can educate cats who don't get to contact fellows like us. It's a good educational thing, man, for suburban people, people out in the boondocks, cats who live on Lake Shore Drive. But one thing we *don't* like about the film is that it may be used as an instrument to destroy organizations like ours.

TAKE ONE: The film may destroy you?

LEE: Right. People will get educated by it: the young brothers who live out in Nova Scotia or up in Michigan somewhere, it's really going to touch their hearts. But at the same time there's going to be some cats, like your cops, who are going to see the under-class people as a threat. We're the cats that might take his job or his wife's job, and he's going to feel personally threatened by us.

TAKE ONE: I wonder whether there's some message you have, that the film has, for people outside the United States.

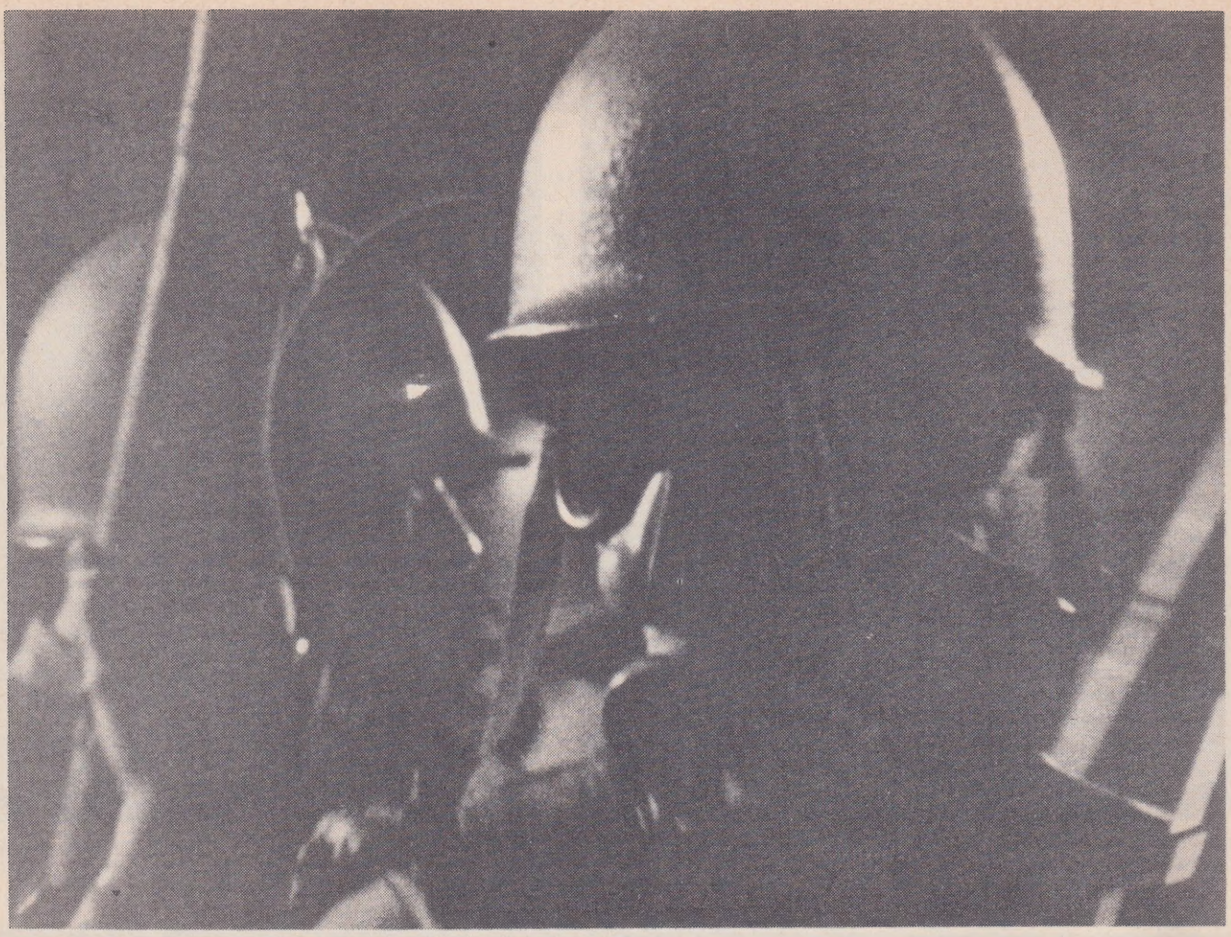
RUSH: It'll tell them that we're involved in a class struggle.

LEE: When this film gets out, and people see that there's an opportunity to communicate with people of different ethnic groups, they're going to have to re-evaluate themselves. They'll have to come up with another tactic because, you see, they've used racism for over four hundred years to keep themselves in a position of power and safe from the masses of people. It's going to show them that racism is a byproduct of economic oppression.

ALK: One of the things we're trying to do is let you see that these men are revolutionists — political revolutionists. But they're not terrorists; they're not irresponsible madmen. Somehow the coverage they get in the press is in another direction: they're gangs, they're killers — that kind of thing. It always scares us and increases a sort of national paranoia we seem to have. The actuality is that these men believe this society is bad pie, and they don't want a slice of it.

TAKE ONE: Has any sort of onus descended on the Film Group through association with this film?

GRAY: Eight months ago I would have said that was an absurd question. Right now I'm becoming a little more realistic about life. The Red Squad has been here, and they've promised they're coming back. They wanted a transcript, the following day, of



one of our press conferences. They're leaning on us. Without being too paranoid it's conceivable to imagine that our telephones are tapped.

TAKE ONE: Then you have proof of the accusations that Black Panthers and others have been making.

GRAY: The others knew it all along. I'm a late bloomer.

RUSH: He got beat up at the Democratic convention.

ALK: That was his first lesson.

TAKE ONE: It takes a long time to edit and release a film. Is there anything you would add, today, if you could?

ALK: There are Panther programs that are not seen in the film: the Breakfast For Children program and other specific activities.

RUSH: And there's the idea that a lot of Panthers have been dying, going to jail; suffering. This film shows our work, but it misses the real, extreme sacrifices that Panthers, Young Lords and Young Patriots have been making. A film can't ever show that because I doubt if a camera will ever be out on the street when a Panther gets his brains blown out or goes to jail, gets framed or set up. People watching a film can't realize that the very cat they see on the screen may be dead two days after they've seen him.

ALK: The film gives you a hint, but it minimizes the personal experience of meeting Black Panthers, Young Lords and Young Patriots and seeing the outstanding moment when you recognize: these are men; they are free men standing in free space, putting their hands out and saying, "If you're up to it, brother, step right in." This is an astonishing thing, and it's also very difficult to capture on film.

JIMENEZ: Anytime poor people get together, you know, they're classified as a gang. When rich people get together they're an organization.

JUNIOR: Why doesn't the press call the Mafia a gang? They put them down as an organization.

RUSH: Malcolm X said, "You make the victim look like he's the enemy and the enemy look like he's the victim." We're tired of that. We're dedicated to work for the poor oppressed people. We don't care what nationality, what race, what religion. Some of us are going to jail; we want to advance our race. And here they come and they treat us as gangs of the street.

TAKE ONE: Do you believe that comes across in the film?

JUNIOR: Right. How in the Hell's Black dudes gonna work with southern hillbillies and still be a gang? I mean there's old people and young guys in Uptown. How the hell's some Black guys gonna go up there and organize a gang?

TAKE ONE: And you got that idea across to the filmmakers?

LEE: I think the film was an education for them.

RUSH: That's what the film's all about — educating people, man. People are going to get a chance to feel what the Panthers are all about, and they're going to get a chance to understand what the Young Lords are all about and what the Young Patriots are all about.

TAKE ONE (to Lee): In the film you spend a lot of time in the Uptown community, among Appalachian whites. Do you find you can now go around in that community as a friend, without harm?

LEE: Well let's be realistic man. There are still people who don't understand the concept of poverty, who are racist toward Black people. If I go up there on a Friday or Saturday night, and I'm not with a Young Patriot or a member of the United People, I'll probably get killed or get my brains knocked out. But the thing about a revolutionary is that he is prepared to die for his ideals. These Appalachian hillbillies are brothers in need, and they've been fucked over just like the Black brothers and the brown brothers. So if the Black Panther Party sends me to Uptown or to Mississippi, I'll go, man. I'll go because I believe in what I'm doing. I'm prepared to live or to die for it — even to die by the hands of a poor white who would kill me and never understand what it was all about.

TAKE ONE: We seem to be out of time. Mike Gray, do you have any final impressions?

GRAY: I wish we'd gotten a lot closer, known a lot more, all of that. But we're going to make other films. We go on. There will be a sequel to **American Revolution II,** and I'm eager to get to work on it.

American Revolution II, produced by The Film Group, is distributed by Cannon Films, 527 Madison Avenue, New York.

SHOULD A POOR ACTOR BE FORCED TO MAKE DO WITH LAST YEAR'S WIFE?

by MORDECAI RICHLER

Forget your impecunious, exploited Indians, never mind your crushed Negroes and suburban ten-year-olds taking to pot instead of toffee apples. I have some real trouble to report. A fresh injustice. The major film studios have begun to speak with forked tongues. Suddenly independent producers want screenplays written for nigger wages. In filmland, it's crisis time. In the villas entrenched in the foothills of the Alpes-Maritimes, directors who have devoted the best years of their lives to putting your dreams on the wide screen are seriously considering the price of their yachts. On the slopes of Gstaad, a tax haven for so many film types, there are actors who will not trade in their wives this year but will drive the same one for another twelve months rather than pay more alimony. On the beaches of Malibu, there are Academy Award-winning screenwriters who no longer insist that TV producers enter through the tradesman's door, if at all. And here in London, in the men's room at the Mirabelle, all the whispering is about the horrendous business, the spill of cancelled flicks, and the breadlines to come. Or, to be fair, mock caviar days.

Only last week a good friend wrote from Hollywood to say the Gardens of the West are closing, and the wave of the future is the cassette, low-grade but sexy motion pix to be inserted in your TV set. Yes, yes, my agent here, a born whistler in the dark, agreed, but even so, they will still have to hire writers..

"You bastards are up the creek," I said. "Me, I can always revert to being a professor."

Alas, it is a hard man who finds anything to laugh at in the present situation. Not since the late Senator Joe McCarthy was riding high, creating a different kind of scare, has there been so much unemployment, especially among directors. Directors who only yesterday were proud and industrious men, with units to insult in the morning, stars to cajole and rushes to contemplate, today form in sad and listless knots at the roulette tables of Mayfair, gambling into the early hours, carousing without joy and copulating with strangers. Come the morrow, for these men still in their prime, there is only the indignity of sleep until noon and then yet another lunch, beginning with hope and smoked salmon, ending with options or time-filling at the race track. Why, some fabled names have even been driven into the libraries, groping for books in the public domain, reading the damn things themselves rather than scanning synopses, more than one seen to be moving his lips as he struggles with the small print.

Whereas last year, at this time, there were more than twenty American-backed productions on the floor in British studios, today all but three of the sound stages are empty. Walt Disney, who used to be so active here, has carried off his Last Reel to the Ultimate Producer. Tradition-rich MGM studios, it is reliably reported, will soon be a housing estate, Greer Garson haunting the local pub and only the ghost of Walter Pidgeon's boat setting out for Dunkirk. Forevermore, forevermore.

Happily, film writers, as always, are still doing well. Reasonably well. In an industry where idiocy and waste have always been the rule, it is a tradition that only one in ten projects is ever made. Now, as each of these ten projects can pass through the hot hands of as many as five scriptwriters, you can end up with fifty overpaid hacks per one film actually going into a studio. Furthermore, most script writers are cut from the same inviolate brotherhood tree, which is to say, shown a script that their very best friend has worked on for three months and asked by the producer, "What do you honestly think of it?", they instantly reply, "I have never read such a crock of shit in all my born days."

"Good. Just what I thought. Now can you help me? Are you available?"

Of course he can help, certainly he's available, knowing full well that three months later his rewrite will elicit the same support from his next best friend. Put another way, if everybody's going to eat, all producers must be treated with contempt.

The bonanza days when almost all films made money and the whole world was wired to Harry Cohn's ass have long since passed. Cohn, the behemoth who ran Columbia Films until his death in 1958, once testified to his infallible test of a film's worth. "When I'm alone in a projection room, I have a foolproof device....If my fanny squirms, it's bad. If my fanny doesn't squirm, it's good. It's as simple as that." To which screen writer Herman Mankiewicz replied, "Imagine, the whole world wired to Harry Cohn's ass," thereby terminating his employment at Columbia.

Today's producers are, for the most part, just as illiterate as Cohn, but lack his buccaneering style. In the time of the conglomerates it's the accountants in the New York board room who say yes or no, and they are more to be pitied than scorned, for they know not what they do. After **The Sound of Music**, every major studio wanted its very own multi-million-dollar musical, and now that they've got them made, they're stuck with them. **Paint Your Wagon, Star, Goodbye, Mr. Chips**. After Mike Nichols came back with **The Graduate**, it was said he could walk on water, but **Catch-22**, which cost something like twenty million dollars, is destined to change that. Five years ago nobody would listen to you, whatever your project, unless you had a star, but after **Midnight Cowboy** nobody wants a name actor; since **Easy Rider** they not only yearn for unknowns, they want them on motorcycles.

In all these years the independent producer has not merely survived, he has flourished; for though his pictures have almost consistently lost money, he has come out ahead each time, as have, to be fair, the directors, writers and actors involved. In the glorious, free-spending Fifties, as I recall it, most producers wanted to shoot something — anything — on the Continent, for on the long and hazardous journey from Hollywood to, say, Italy, you could always shake the budget bag over Geneva just to see what might drop into a numbered account. Stars not only commanded prodigious salaries, but also commonly drew as much as $3,000 dollars a week pocket money so long as they were on the production. And when MGM was ridden hard by crass, profit-minded shareholders or 20th Century Fox was threatened by a takeover bid, they could always, on the one hand, re-release **Gone With The Wind** or, on the other, send **The Longest Day** out on the circuit again. Hits, such as they were, often got made by mistake. **Georgy Girl**, for instance, was twice cancelled, scheduled again, and cancelled yet again a day before it was to begin shooting, when the New York office discovered to its joy that the Redgrave girl was in it and said, yes, yes, go ahead. After all, **Morgan** was a hit. Too late, they found out that it wasn't Vanessa, but Lynn, who was Georgy Girl.

My favorite story of the period when not only performers but also books were exorbitantly priced has to do with Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*. Whilst the book was still in progress, I'm told that Swifty Lazar, a fabled Hollywood agent, offered it to Stanley Donen, director of **On The Town, Seven Brides For Seven Brothers,** and, most recently, **Staircase**. "You can't read the book," Lazar told Donen, "and the price is a million dollars."

"What?" Donen said, aghast.

"But, don't worry, you needn't pay it out all at once." .

"O.K.," Donen replied, "I'll buy it. I'll give you a dollar a year for a million years."

Filmmakers will survive the conglomerates as surely as they did Louis B. Mayer and Harry Cohn. Fortunes will continue to be lost, but everybody will have fun. ■

GLADIATORERNA

Gladiatorerna (The Gladiators) the first feature that English director Peter Watkins has made since *Privilege*, has been shot in Sweden and entirely financed by the Swedish company Sandrews. When Peter Watkins' film, *The War Game*, opened in Stockholm and he was in town for the event, he attracted the attention of the company which then asked him if he was interested in making a film for them. Half a year later, Watkins delivered the script to *Gladiatorerna* and it was immediately accepted. The director carefully selected his cast among professionals and amateurs of various nationalities through – among other things – advertisements in newspapers in Stockholm, London and Paris. Many of the persons in the cast speak their own native languages and the film is most international – a vision of the future – an imaginative idea – carried out with realism that in parts transgresses into the realm of the fantastic. It is also a terrible protest against the inhumanity of war and the situation that exists today between the major powers.

This is how Peter Watkins describes the film himself:

●

A bleak satire
set in the near future, in which the major powers of the world, East and West, aligned and non-aligned, recognise the possibility of a major world war within our lifetime, and try to forestall it by channelling off man's aggressive instincts in a more controllable manner. This is achieved by forming an International Commission along the lines of the United Nations, dedicated to the fighting of a series of contests between teams of selected soldiers from each country. These competitions, which can be fought to the death, are called PEACE GAMES, and are shown on public television all over the world – via satellite – with the popularity attained by the gladiatorial games in ancient Rome, or that of a modern football match.

The Games are staged in special centres in the non-aligned countries of the world, and the film follows the course of one particular Game, number 256, which is being played – or fought – in the International Peace Game Centre near Stockholm, under the control of a highly sophisticated electronic computor, which is hired out to the International Commission by the Swedish Army.

●

As the Game progresses,
we realise that the fundamental reasons for the Gladiators – the soldiers in each team – have little to do with world peace, but at heart represent the mutual belief by the major powers that all status-quo governments, whether East or West, have a need to perpetuate fear and antagonism in the world, in order to maintain their own particular social or political system, based as it usually is – on nationalism.

It is to this end that the Peace Games are so important, stimulating as they do "a level of healthy antagonism" so essential to the stability of the world status-quo. It is for this reason that the international group of officers watching Game 256 decide to eliminate two of the opposing team members who reach out for each other, because, they feel, such communication can be seen as the gravest threat of all to the stability of the present system.

●

From the text list where the gladiators of team B in the beginning of the film are queried:

Question: Why are you here today, fighting the Peace Game?
B1: Well, I see it as an excellent opportunity to put my country back on the international map . . .
B6: Because I was chosen . . .
B9: This gam· does not concern me.
Question: Why?
B9: There has been too much death, too much destruction already . . .
B4: Lots of people are watching the Game. You do a good job here . . . you got a good record . . . they take care of you when you get home.
B8: I don't know. 'Man' says 'go' . . . I go . . .
B2: I'm here to defend the democracy of my country and that is worth fighting for.
Question: Are you afraid?
B7: Not afraid . . . nervous . . . a little bit . . .
Question: Do you think the Peace Game is necessary?
B6: Yes.
Question: Why?
B6: Well . . .
B8: I don't know, I don't know what it is, I don't know nothing about it . . .
B1: Everything is getting very slack . . . nobody cares anymore. For example, out of the last 24 Games we haven't won a single one . . . I hope that by my participation in this Game, I shall be able to give the people of Britain something to strive for . . .
B6: It's good for people in the country to see it, and it does them good . . . if it's done well . . .
B4: They've been playing it all wrong. They don't move fast enough. You've got to move fast and hit them hard. You can do that, and still get your ass out in one piece.
B2: And you know, look what we built up after the war, we the Germans! I mean, we will not lose *that,* and *that's* why I'm here. Yes! ■

NICHOLAS JOHNSON TALKS BACK!

Nicholas Johnson, controversial FCC Commissioner and recent author of *How to Talk Back to Your Television Set* (Bantam), appeared earlier this year in Ottawa before the Special Senate Committee on Mass Media. Commissioner Johnson had several well-chosen (and presumably soundly-based) words for the industry he is charged with regulating, for the people who own and control that industry, and for the "product" that they pump unceasingly into homes on both sides of the 49th Parallel. We reprint some of those words herewith:

It is possible to overstate the influence of television in our society but it is very seldom done and it's far more often that we fail to see it fully.

The general semanticist and now president of San Francisco State College, Dr. S. I. Hayakawa, has said that man is no more conscious of language and communication than a fish would be conscious of the waters of the sea. I think that is true with the really revolutionary technological innovations that we accept in our society: the telephone, the automobile, the television set. They have had an impact upon us as a people well beyond what any of us tend to be reflective about. You breathe polluted air and you don't really think about it until somebody points out to you what it is doing to your body; you pour polluted ideas into the brains of most of the people in the United States for that number of hours every day and you have had an influence on the national spirit and the national intelligence, the information people have, the opinions they hold, the moral values they believe in. You have determined the sense of national priorities. Whether the United States is going to use its resources to go to Mars or to feed the hungry here on earth, is largely going to be a function of how the alternatives are posed to the nation on television. Every time we set up a new national commission to study the latest national disaster — it used to be called juvenile delinquency but now we have an antiviolence commission and one on race relations and so forth — they all come back to television and the influence of television on any given phenomenon in our society. I think we tend to overlook that. You know, television is just that box in the living room. Many of us don't watch it as much as many others do, and I think we probably tend to under-rate drastically the tremendous, awesome impact of this instrument upon us.

I think that we are being grossly unfair when we wash over the people, 20 years of the kind of stuff that Hollywood manufactures like plastic Christmas trees on an assembly line and puts out in television commercial products, and then expect the people to engage in intelligent choice with regard to this aspect of their culture, or any other.

Beyond that, however, I would point out that on those rare occasions when the networks do offer the people some alien and unfamiliar programming in prime time, it tends to do rather well in terms of the ratings. NBC didn't undergo commercial disaster as a result of the programming it put on last Sunday evening — "The Wizard of Oz" and then "David Copperfield" and then another drama. The National Geographic specials have done quite well after the National Geographic succeeded in beating down the resistance within the network to putting the programs on at all.

One assumes, when we talk about the failures of television, that we are talking about the difference between the masses and the intellectual elite. That is not really the point at all. There is no such thing as a majority audience in the United States. That is really what is wrong with television.

It is programming for an audience which simply doesn't exist. We have 20 million people in the United States who are under five years of age. What is television doing especially for them, commercial network television? We have 20 million people who are over the age of sixty-five, what is television doing for them? We have 22 million blacks, we have 27 million white-collar workers, we have some fifty or sixty million in schools. Ask people what really concerns them. They are concerned about the quality of their life; they are concerned about making their marriage and their family work; they are concerned about getting greater satisfaction out of their employment — about opportunities for training and for expansion and assumptions for greater responsibilities and more rewarding enterprises.

People don't get helped with these things on television.

Television programming, I think, is very much like cotton candy. It is something that is very good in attracting your attention but then after you have consumed it, you are left with this hollow, empty feeling and nothing but a toothache and very little in the way of nourishment.

Newsweek magazine recently did a piece on the Middle American and quoted one fellow who had gone to the same factory every day for the last 30 years, I guess, and he described his role as that of one of standing in the same place, drilling the same holes for every day of these many, many years.

He gets up in the morning and he hasn't slept very well. He gets into a car after eating a breakfast that is designed to shorten his life — not aid his nutrition — and probably upset his stomach. He gets into a car and it has deliberately designed into it, dangers that will needlessly take 50,000 lives every year in the United States, with a bumper that cannot withstand a crash of over six miles an hour without contributing to the billion-dollar-a-year theft of the American people necessitated by bumper repairs. He drives at speeds scarcely in excess of those used in horse-and-buggy days through congested traffic, breathing polluted air, to arrive at this factory where he is certainly not treated as a human being — where he stands in the same place drilling the same holes. He drives home at night reversing the process, and sits down to watch television. It promises him a fuller and a richer life and happiness and satisfactions of all kinds if only he will use a different hair spray or cologne or deodorant or a mouth-wash, or take the new and different pill or cigarette brand or whatever it might be this month.

He gets no more satisfaction from the new products than he gets from the old programs, and he goes to bed at night waterlogged, half dead in the water, and doesn't sleep very well, and starts the same process the next day. And you tell me

that the American society in general and the American television in particular is giving him what he wants.

Well, he may not be able to articulate what is wrong with his life but he knows there is a lot wrong with it, and depending upon his background and predilection he expresses that frustration in a variety of ways, which we have seen in our country.

The media truly belong to the people and they ought to be used by the people. The letters to the editor column in the newspaper is a rather feeble gesture in the direction of inclusion of people in making this a true method of communication and suggests a two-way process. Where is the letters to the editor column on television? There is so much going on in the real world, all kinds of talent that exists that never finds its way onto television. This is not just a matter of rights of access guaranteed through court suits, it's a matter of training in the schools, in the arts of the use of audio tape and video tape and film. It's making available production facilities that citizens can use. It's inviting them in, asking them to come, because very few people will assert themselves enough to come. It's going out into the streets with an audio tape recorder and talking to the people. Covering events and affairs as they happen, staging discussions of important community issues that otherwise would not have been held, and covering those that are already being held — quite literally turning the media back to the people, but to help build a sense of community, and to reduce the sense of alienation that is so prevalent in the United States, in the large cities especially.

That is the kind of job that television could do but is not doing.

One of the most obvious failings of the commercial television industry, in terms of serving the people, is that the people have absolutely no control whatsoever, no participation whatsoever, in what it is they get. In a way, they still retain some role with regards to newspapers and magazines.

Now, it is true that magazines such as *Life* spend far more than they receive in subscriptions, in gathering subscriptions so in point of fact the magazine is totally supported by advertising; but the subscriber nonetheless is paying something. In broadcasting he is paying nothing — and he is getting his money's worth.

It is reported that Mr. Tweed in New York once offered the *New York Times* $5 million to kill a particular story. *The Times* refused the offer, it should be noted parenthetically.

The point is simply that if it was worth $5 million to kill a single story, 50 or 100 years ago, it clearly is worth that much today to buy a television station. It is not necessary to control everything that appears in the newspapers. It is only necessary to have the potential to do that on those occasions that may arise, perhaps only maybe two or three times a year.

It is a very cheap insurance policy. The Dominican Republic offered the Mutual Broadcasting System, a radio network in the United States — oh, I don't recall the precise figure, but I think it was on the order of a million dollars — to give them a guaranteed number of minutes per month on news programming which they could fill with propaganda from the Dominican Republic.

The point is, you can't put a dollar value on the potential to keep items off or to put items on, and after Dick Salant's proud boast that CBS has never altered its content while he worked there, *Variety* reported in a long story a series of documentaries which had been very substantially altered by CBS in the course of preparation.

My principal point is that television is failing to do its job; that, for whatever reason, it is keeping material off the air that the American people need to have. Whether they are doing that out of a malicious awareness that they are deliberately depriving the people of the information they need is not really the point. The point is that whatever the motive, the result is the same as if that was what they were doing. There are instances of deliberate withholding.

The story was told to me by one of the leading black announcers in the United States of his first job with a station in the Carolinas. He was handed a stack of 40 records and told that he would play them.

He asked if it would be permissible for him to report five minutes of news on the hour and the owner of the station told him "You are not going to educate the negroes of this community at my expense."

The problem of cross-ownership or "local concentration of control," exists in most of the larger cities in the United States and in many of the smaller ones. There are 72 communities where the only broadcast stations are owned by the only local newspaper, and there are 12 communities where the only newspaper owns or has an interest in the only television station. In 1967 there were 250 cities where the local daily newspaper had control over a local broadcast station — and in 20 more it had a minority interest. In approximately 213 of these communities, there was no other daily newspaper.

The statistics of multiple ownership of media — the regional concentration problems — show similar concentration. In 1967, 81.3 per cent of the commercial VHF television stations were either owned by a group broadcaster or a daily newspaper. In 11 states and the District of Columbia, all the stations were so owned and in another 13 states all but one was. In the larger, more lucrative markets the concentration is even more pronounced. In the largest 10 markets in the United States, with 40 per cent of the nation's television homes, 37 of the 40 VHF television stations are licensed to group owners and the remaining three are owned by daily newspapers in the same community. In the top 50 markets in 1967, 127 of the 156 VHF stations were licensed to group broadcasters, and 17 of the remaining 29 were licensed to newspaper publishers.

The figures for radio are no less staggering. In the top 50 markets nationally, 526 of the 715 AM and FM stations are owned by multiple owners. Even the new technology, cable television, has not escaped this concentration syndrome. In 1968, 225 newspapers had cable television interests, and presently 32 per cent of the systems are owned by broadcasters. Telephone company ownership of cable television has also been significant.

The trend of these figures over the last few years shows no reason for optimism. In 1967, 50 per cent of the applications for cable systems were filed by broadcasters, and their ownership of cable television continues to grow. Multiple ownership of television shows a similar trend. In 1968 multiple owners controlled 73.6 per cent of all commercial television stations. Just 10 years earlier, the percentage of multiple-owned television stations had been only 45.8 per cent. The average size of a television "group" went from 2.7 stations in 1956, to 2.94 in 1964 and 3.87 in 1967. Daily newspapers have shown a similar decline in independence. In 1945 there were 117 cities with separately-owned dailies, but in 1966 only 43 remained.

There was an amazing story told about the creation of the ICC — The Interstate Commerce Commission, which is responsible for regulating railroads. It is sometimes referred to as the granddaddy of the regulatory commissions (a term referring more to its age than to the affection in which it is held by its grandchildren). A railroad company president is alleged to have written the Attorney-General asking what on earth the administration was thinking of in establishing this agency, and he received a reply back as follows:

> "The Commission . . . can be made of great use to the railroads. It satisfies the popular clamour for a government supervision of the railroads, at the same time that the supervision is almost entirely nominal. Further, the larger such a commission gets to be the more it will be found to take the business and railroad view of things. It thus becomes a sort of barrier between the railroad corporations and the people and a sort of protection against crude legislation hostile to railroad interests . . . the part of wisdom is not to destroy the Commission, but to utilize it." (Letter of Attorney General of the United States Richard Olney to Charles E. Perkins, President of the Chicago-Burlington and Quincy Railroad, December 28, 1892, quoted in Josephson's, "The Politicos", page 526.)

Thus reassured, the president of the railway company is supposed to have given his support to the creation of this agency.

The Federal Communications Commission was likewise established in the 1920's as the Radio Commission. It was the result of a series of conferences called at the urging of the radio industry. They were presided over by that great spokesman

for the New Left of the twenties, Herbert Hoover, who was then the Secretary of Commerce.

The FCC has been basically true to the pattern.

The next breakthrough that we see, and are now experiencing, is cable television. Now, theoretically, this offers the option of a virtually unlimited number of channels into the home, and let me explain why.

The telephone which you now have in your homes and offices is itself a form of cable communication, one of the earliest. With direct distance dialing you can now interconnect that telephone of yours, with that very small pair of two little twisted wires to, in the United States, 100 million originating points — 100 million other telephones. And you can access those within about 30 seconds, when the telephone service is working, which raises yet another problem which I gather isn't of interest to this committee.

Now, cable television could do much the same thing, bringing you by way of cable a video picture in addition to sound. If that were truly done, and if you had a common carrier principle — which is terribly important because that makes all the difference in the world — you would then have something more like the magazine industry.

And let me explain that. By "common carrier system" I mean that anyone could walk into the cable television distributing company and ask for a channel to put on his program. Under common carrier principles, the cable distributing company would be obliged to make a cable available or a channel available for whatever the rate might be for the particular day or hour that was being requested.

This would mean that you would no longer have an economy of scarcity in television. It would mean that anybody through reduced production costs and some sale of advertising could put on his own program, underground film or whatever it might be. It would make possible the equivalent of the underground newspaper, or the fluidity which we have in the magazine industry.

Added to this, or complementary to it, is the concept of subscription television, which does put back in the hands of the audience a real marketplace control over what is produced and what is made available; it makes it possible for people who are prepared to pay for it to get programs that would not otherwise be made available to them. These could of course be distributed over the air, which is now being proposed by the Federal Communications Commission in the United States in the largest markets, but it could also of course be done with a cable distribution system as well.

If the common carrier principle is adopted in the United States, I see great hope for this particular combination of innovations. Beyond that, once you have access to virtually an unlimited number of continuously programmed channels you pretty soon find yourself moving into a totally viewer-controlled system. In other words, you could access from your television set a library with a collection of films, television programs and so forth which you would watch when you want to watch it, with or without commercials, however you want to pay for it, or instead of being distributed down a line from a library it could be distributed with a hard copy being delivered to your home in the form of video tapes, or the EVR system of CBS — the video records.

This makes or turns the television business into something more like the record industry in which virtually anybody can get into a recording studio, cut a record and make copies available, and it would make it possible for distribution, in a mass way, of virtually any idea.

I might just say one word before we break about the impact of television upon the national agenda.

Mr. Fortier and I were talking about this earlier because one of the best examples I think of this relates to corporate censorship problems, the black lung disease issue.

Virtually all the coal miners in America have black lung in one stage of development or another. This comes from going into the mine and breathing coal dust. Your lungs disintegrate as a result of this and you are unable to get to the oxygen you need and you find yourself unemployable by the time you reach your middle years.

The miners really didn't know about black lung disease because nobody had ever told them about it and there was no great desire on the part of coal mining companies or the mass media in the coal mining district to make a big issue out of this.

Indeed, there were instances where programmes were prepared by doctors about black lung which the television stations positively refused to run. I pointed this fact out when talking to the Violence Commission, making the point that while censorship was going to be raised by the industry in opposition to what the Violence Commission was doing that in fact the industry itself had participated in censorship, and shortly thereafter there was a sudden rush of interest on the part of television in covering the black lung problem in West Virginia.

About two weeks after they started covering it regularly, some 35,000 coal miners in West Virginia came out of the mines for the first time really in the history of that state and organized on their own because in this particular instance the union had been in basic agreement with the coal mine operators.

They marched on the state capital and got the first Workmen's Compensation legislation in the history of the state for black lung disease.

Now, what is the point I am making? The point I am making is that when you keep this information out of prime time that produces a result in the society. The result it produces is apathy, lethargy, ignorance and the failure of the society to respond to its problems.

If you point out in prime time television that most American business executives eat and rather grandly by going into a restaurant, ordering all they want to eat, signing a little slip of paper where half of the cost will be paid for by the American people as taxpayers, the other half will be paid for by the American people as consumers, and none of it whatsoever is paid for by the executive, and point out the incongruity in a nation arguing that a policy of this kind is only administratively feasible if it is applied to an elite group of rich but it would of course be impossible to permit the poor to feed themselves by signing a slip of paper requiring the cost to be paid for by others.

If you point *that* out on prime time television, things happen in the United States. You start feeding the hungry.

You point out on prime time television that the American subsidized merchant marine is consuming some 700 million dollars a year in a programme that every independent economist who has ever examined it has concluded has absolutely no economic benefit whatsoever to the American people, and there will be a response.

If you point out that General Motors is responsible not only for the lion's share of 50,000 unnecessary deaths every year on the highways of the United States but is also responsible for 50 per cent of all the air pollution by tonnage in the entire country and there will be cries for reform. If you keep that information off either because you sent an intra-corporate memorandum saying General Motors is a big advertiser therefore we don't want to mention this or because you don't send the memorandum — you just put on the Beverly Hillbillies — you keep that information off and that produces a result as well.

As I have commented, I think NBC can rightfully take some credit and pride in the fact that the West Virginia legislature enacted that legislation.

I think Rowan and Martin's "Laugh-In" can take some pride in what has happened as a result of the Flying Fickle Finger of Fate Award. They pointed out that the California legislature had authorized used-car dealers to turn back speedometers and within a month thereafter that legislation was repealed. They pointed out the school system that had failed to appropriate any money for schools for the next year and shortly thereafter the community came up with the money to keep the school system going.

They can point with pride to these achievements but when they do they must realize that they must also then take responsibility for those things in our society that have not been changed because they have for whatever reason said nothing about it to the American people.

That is the position of this industry in our society in the United States and it is why I believe with President Kennedy — the late President Kennedy — that with great power goes great responsibility, and this is an industry that has failed to live up to that responsibility and it is going to have to pay the price of failing to do so. ■

AVAILABLE NOW

16mm

married couple
warrendale
goin' down the road
celebration
calcutta
will the real norman mailer please stand up!

allan king associates
11 Hazelton, Toronto 5, Canada
telephone: (416) 927-2845

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL POST OFFICE

SUBSCRIBE TO TAKE ONE

TAKE ONE, Box 1778, Station B, Montreal 110, Canada

2 YRS (6 issues a year) **$3**

name _____

address _____

city _____ **zone** _____ **prov.(state)** _____

gift card, from _____

MAKING A FILM IN BELLA COOLA

by PETER BRYANT

The film in Bella Coola began when four student filmmakers were introduced to S.C.A.N. (The Society for a Coastal Area Network) by Pat Hindley, a faculty member in Education at Simon Fraser University. The S.C.A.N. organization was setting up a communications network among seven native communities in British Columbia. Pat Hindley, who had worked with Colin Low in California, suggested that a documentary film, made with the cooperation of the native community would not only help the community and the filmmakers but would also help the University and the S.C.A.N. organization.

As it turned out, we found ourselves alone in the responsibility for the project. Neither S.C.A.N. nor the University were able or willing to help finance the film. But by this time we had already made a commitment, and decided that the project was simply between ourselves and the people of Bella Coola. The community's willingness to have us there came from our desire to live on the reserve. In this way our awareness of them, and their awareness of us, would have to be more than superficial. We were to make the film from the inside.

I first arrived in Bella Coola on May twenty-third. I was accompanied by Don Shaw, the sound man and a close friend. Tony Westman, the cameraman, and Peter Goudie, the assistant director, were to arrive the following week. We were so hassled in getting the film off the ground that they had to stay behind and take care of the last-second arrangements. Tony was trying to get a tripod so that he would have something to put the camera on.

The problems of the production — getting money, equipment, and stock — had taken a lot out of us. We were still unsure as to whether we would be able to complete the film. We had little money or stock, and it wasn't until the last day of shooting, when we filmed a native dance in the rain, that we felt we had made it.

The first day felt strange. "Bella Coola" means the beautiful valley. You picture a reserve as a place that is a little rundown, and perhaps a little sordid, but you don't think that its surroundings can be beautiful, and a place like Bella Coola can have charm. We found that it was good to be there.

For the first few days Don and I did little. We didn't want to start things until we were all there. We decided that the film belonged equally to all of us, and that we would share the decisions. Don and I kept to ourselves. We went down to the river and skipped rocks.

That Saturday there was a sports day. It was held on a field across from Dinah Schooner's place, the place where we were staying. Dinah said that a few words would be said about us during the ceremonies. We walked across the street and joined in the festivity.

The words were very kind. The minister, the former chief counsellor, and the Hereditary Chief, all spoke briefly and eloquently about having us there in the community. For the first time we felt that what we were going to do was important. I was asked to speak and I did, but I had little to say. Old Andy Schooner, the chief counsellor from the year before, was standing behind me. He put his headress on me and it fell over my eyes. He giggled and people laughed. We felt good.

Although we had made no decisions as to what the film was to be about, the four of us had decided to involve the native Indians in the production. We arranged to work with some of the young people from a kiros group, who were to be consultants. At the same time we had planned a film workshop so that they could make films on their own in 8mm. Three of them worked very close with us, and as our relationship grew the film became theirs as well as ours. Harry Schooner, a young carver, became the assistant director. He also became one of the focal points in the film. Karen Edgar worked full time at the agency but she helped us when she could. Dinah Schooner, Harry's cousin, became our liaison with the older people of the community. Because Don and I were staying with her she knew all our problems, as we were to know hers. This was the first link of understanding.

When Tony and Peter arrived we planned a course of action. We decided to run weekend shooting sessions and hold a formal instruction period once weekly. We would screen films for the kids whenever we could get them. We decided to have weekly script sessions with the consultants to decide what the film was to be about. Then we would set up schedules and tasks and be on our way. Eight weeks later the film was shot. Our plans became almost meaningless. What we did, we found we did from day to day.

Our life there and our film became one process. It was not

until we could relate the two together that we had our truth: Bella Coola gave us moments, we became aware of people. There are moments and people in our film.

Before we arrived we thought that we would tell on film of some particular problem. We felt that the film would be effective because we would get the people of the community to tell of the problems themselves. We did something quite different. We decided to make a film on the culture of the Bella Coola. We knew beforehand of the problem of culture and identity. We knew about cultural genocide, the white man's gift to the native. What we saw in Bella Coola was something more profound and important: we saw what culture actually means to people.

Back in the city the people involved with us thought that somehow we were making a film that was Anthropology and that it was going to be dry and academic and restricted. They did not see what we saw or feel what we felt. Our film is about people. The way that people feel about things, about who they are — their heritage, their stories, dances, crafts, and songs — and about themselves and each other, and how they came to feel about us, and how we felt about them.

The importance of culture to the Bella Coola came to us through Harry. Harry had started carving some years ago and he had taught himself. He wanted to carve masks but most of the old masks were gone. Harry had to look at books from museums to find out what some of them looked like. We sensed Harry's feeling. He is a young man whose culture is dying. He himself could be the last person to keep it alive. Like others, Harry sensed that film would be one way to keep what was there alive. We wanted to capture the feelings, as well as the culture in our film. By living in the community we had feelings of our own, and we decided to follow our instincts.

Film for me is moments of truth. Nothing in a script can give you those moments in a documentary. You choose what you will film, and you film it as best you can. From there what happens simply happens. Sometimes it comes by accident. There was a kid whose voice we could hear, singing loudly and sweetly at all hours. He was a sweet kid and one day we decided to go and film him singing. Darren gave us his moment.

The carvings, the songs, the stories and dances of the Bella Coola really belong to the old people. Our idea was to compare them with the younger generation. Most of them had little interest in the past. We met these kids and got to know them. We realized that they were not wrong. There was just the sadness of something going. Nobody was wrong. The young people felt it as well, but they had never lived it, and perhaps they could accept it a little more easily.

When you make a film there are always problems. Because we were inexperienced and dealing with something strange to us, as well as being without money and stock, our problems were perhaps a little greater. We had a saying that was more than a joke, "struggle or die". Unless we could come up with the money and stock our film would die. It was important to us and it was important to the community. We had ourselves to contend with, our loneliness, our private doubts, and our fears. We were not making the film for money. It meant something more to us.

It is only now that I realize how lucky we were. One day Don and I came into the kitchen to find Dinah crying. The Indian Agent had refused her application for welfare because we were boarding with her. We weren't paying Dinah enough money to make up the loss. We saw the agent and we told him how important the film was, how important it had become for Dinah, how she worked for us, and how out of many she had volunteered to take us in, though she had two children and no husband. Dave Smith, the minister, arrived back in town that day. He had managed to convince the United Church that we were worth supporting. The Agent would do nothing. But Dave brought back enough money to meet the need.

Word came from the city that our first rushes were bad. We waited on edge for the rushes to be shipped up. I felt confident that what we had done since then was good. But when they arrived Tony took the first rushes hard. There was a lot of camera shake and the timing on movement was off. Tony had been working with a poor shoulder harness. Our next expense was for a good shoulder pod.

The shooting wasn't easy because we didn't know enough and we were hampered by lack of equipment. During shooting I would try and open up the subject. Tony would have to make the decisions on what to shoot. We were working on a low ratio and we had to run the camera on and off rather than running it continuously. I worried because I thought that he was shooting at the wrong time. Tony worried about how to shoot it. We made mistakes, but gradually we got in sync. We knew each other better and became a better crew. The struggle to make the film gave us strength, we were in it together. Tony understands light and the lighting is beautiful, and he learnt movement as we all learned. From the first shooting to the last we did better each time.

We didn't film every day. We went to weddings, we went to dances, we went with girls, we got drunk, we went fishing. One day we had to move tables in the church centre for a screening. We got up on the stage and danced, the four of us, for ourselves. We also had our private, poignant moments. One night I sat down in the lane with Karen's brothers and a kid named Archie. We got drunk. After a dance Harry, Don and I, not sober but warm, decided to rest in the field. A light shone at us. A kid had his brother's car stuck in mud and he was afraid to go home without it. He and a friend and their girls asked for our help. We struggled together, in futility, somehow serious and in silence, through the night.

I came to know the minister Dave Smith. He gave me some of his own faith and strength. There is tragedy and sadness in Bella Coola, and it can shatter the joy suddenly. Dave helps people and he save lives. He takes it hard, as sometimes we were to take it hard. I came to know Harry Schooner. He gave me strength by never letting me down and by caring. He personified in himself everything, somehow, that our film and our stay there was about. Harry had the capacity to make me laugh and cry.

The day came when the shooting was over. There was to be a barbecue for us. People came from the dance in the rain into the hall. All of the older people who had taken part in the film were there. Dinah asked them one by one to speak. They all spoke briefly and gave us their personal thanks. We were asked in return and I was our spokesman. I had a hard time saying what I felt. I had to thank these kind and gracious people who had taken us into their homes and lives, who came and worked with us, who were kind to us, and who then thanked us for being there. They gave us our native names, something not lightly done. That was the moment of truth of our being there — for that moment everything was worthwhile.

Two nights later we went to a wedding dance. The mood was fine and everyone was enjoying themselves. But towards the end of the dance a white boy got into a fight with the bride's father over a ticket. Suddenly we felt very much apart. We were reminded that we were white and that they were Indian. There had been animosity and bitterness towards us since the first day. For some it was simply our race, and others didn't like us simply because some did. We received ugly phone calls, and one night shots were fired at the house where Tony stayed. Andy Schooner told us about the Bella Coola Creation. The whiteman and the Indian are given confused tongues. There was to be no peace between them until they understood each other. I wanted to call our film "Peace in our time." Because, with the young people, we had worked together and understood each other.

The weekend we were leaving Harry decided to have a last fling with his friends. He was coming back to the city with us. Harry and I grew close, but he came to the house and he was drunk and bitter. He talked about the obligation the white man made him feel, and it was directed towards me. I was angry in return and I told him not to come with us. That night there was to be a party at Harry's place for him. He came in drunk and called my name. I knew that he was hurt by what I had said. I went to him and told him he was my brother. He had to get out of the house, he loved it and hated it as he loved and hated Bella Coola. Tony and I went with him. Outside he cried and we cried with him.

We felt the pressure those last few days. Things were bad as well as good. Everything was intense and unreal. We wanted to get away. Harry had been rolled and had his head shaved while he was drunk. We just wanted to get on the boat. Simon, one of the kids coming with us, was told that he couldn't go. He couldn't face us, the morning of the boat he went off to a logging camp.

On the docks on the last day we started a water gun fight. A lot of the people we had known and liked were there. They wanted to know how soon we would be back.

I find that I love Bella Coola. There is sadness there, as there was sadness for us, but there is happiness, and moments of joy, and a great deal of love. ■

THE SHORT, FRUITFUL FILM CAREER OF NORODOM SIHANOUK (A PRINCE)

by GORDON HITCHENS

The American and South Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia had a curious and little-known consequence so far as international cinema is concerned: the termination, at least for the present, of the filmmaking career of Prince Norodom Sihanouk. The charming, dapper "Little Prince" — the title of one of ten feature films he has directed, starring himself — was deposed in absentia by his own military, a coup predicted in another film he made, **Shadow over Angkor,** shown at the Moscow film festival last July.

Like most other nations of Southeast Asia, Cambodia has been making films for many years that are little known beyond their area. The films are heavily influenced stylistically by the foreign cinemas even when they employ regional themes.

The Khmer (the principal ethnic and linguistic group of Cambodia) cinema emphasizing Cambodian nationalism began with Prince Sihanouk who became directly and personally involved by writing, directing and performing in his own full-length dramatic films. His **The Enchanted Forest** won a Moscow prize in 1967, and he was a dashing figure at festivals. The films were popular within Cambodia, as was the Prince, and they played for weeks on end. Twenty theaters in Phnom Penh, the capital, and sixty throughout the remainder of the country, serve the film-going needs of Cambodia's population of 4½ millions. All income from the Prince's films returned to the national treasury. One can suppose that the Prince's films are now suppressed, with the prints possibly destroyed, under the present regime.

As an avid producer of films as well as head of state, Prince Sihanouk set up an international film festival in Phnom Penh. The Minister of Public Education and Fine Arts, Vann Molyvann, was president of the festival, which held its second, and presumably last, festival in December. Prizes were given for 35mm features and shorts, with 16mm documentaries handled by a side event. The festival's highest honor, the Golden Aspara Award for Best Picture, went to the Prince as producer and actor in his own **Twilight.** A gala ball in the royal palace, hosted by the Prince, closed the festival. His **Little Prince** had won at the previous Phnom Penh festival and was exported to the U.S.S.R. and other nations.

Princess Monique, the wife of Prince Sihanouk, shared his interest in filmmaking. In **Rose of Bokor,** she appears as a Cambodian girl who falls in love with Japanese Colonel Hasegawa, played by the Prince, during the Japanese occupation of Cambodia in World War II. The film was his eighth, made last year, and was based on historical incidents. (During the Japanese occupation, the Prince was King of Cambodia. Japan pressed the King to renounce its treaty ties to France. Cambodia did so and proclaimed independence. After Japan's surrender, French authority was re-established for a time. But Cambodia was totally independent by 1953, and its King became Prince Sihanouk. The film reflects a certain gratitude toward the Japanese.)

Twilight is a tragic love story. The Prince acts the role of a middle-aged, sickly aristocrat in retirement, deserted by his wife who had run off with a film actor. The melancholy noble is drawn from his introspection by the love of a comely Indian widow. Separation and suicide bring the film to a sad conclusion. **Twilight** was among the features seen in New Delhi in December, at the Indian Festival.

Shadow Over Angkor was based on actual events, an abortive anti-Prince conspiracy in 1959. Princess Monique again appears, as do several Cambodian stars and an Italian, playing an American agent. As usual, the Prince produced, wrote and starred. It has been screened at various festivals, including Moscow in 1969 and the African-Asian festival in Tashkent, Uzbekistan, in October, 1968.

Shadow Over Angkor is remarkable and totally unique as the film document of a nation regarding its foreign policy and its fears of take-over by a neighboring power, aided by the CIA. It is a strange film to have been created by anyone, particularly this versatile Prince, dramatizing the national predicament of Cambodia. Some lines from this unprecedented film illustrate its political tone. The Prince, playing a naval commodore, is wary of an impending coup among his officers: "The American and Saigon imperialists have been threatening our territory and islands. . . . We must find the root of evil in order to save our country. . . . Fight against the neocolonialism of the United States and their satellites." The chief conspirator tells his mistress: "Agents of the American Central Intelligence Agency always have enough money. The United States is an exceedingly rich country. Our troops will have ultra-modern weapons and the officers will have villas, cars and more. You will own a luxurious Cadillac and you will have no reasons to blush with shame even when compared with the Queen of Siam." An effeminate western diplomat stooging for the Americans greets the conspirators with many gifts: "On behalf of the free world, which is ready to clasp Cambodia to its bosom, and on behalf of the United States of America, whose representative attached to Your Excellency I am, I convey to you our warm congratulations and invite you into the salon where the gifts that we are presenting you on the occasion of this joyous beginning are exhibited."

The Prince, as the naval officer who breaks the intrigue, forces the chief conspirator to shoot himself. But his own love affair with a charming, middle-aged archaeologist, visiting Cambodia from a western nation, is blasted by the discovery that a CIA agent within her Embassy had bankrolled the conspiracy. She takes her leave sadly: "I implore you to believe me, I did not know that one of the officials of my Embassy was an agent of the Central Intelligence Agency. . . . Alas, an insurmountable obstacle has risen between us and it will divide us forever." As she mounts the ramp of her jet for home, the Prince on the ground, in resplendent uniform, salutes her with dignity.

Shadow Over Angkor is in 35mm color and although of conventional length seems much longer due to slow pacing and ponderous dialogue exchanges. Every shot looks as if it had been laboriously framed and rehearsed. The acting is heavy and premeditated, and the entire film lacks the speed, spontaneity and happy accident that characterize the best of western films. But the Prince is impeccable throughout — sartorially and morally. He is first seen on the bow of his speeding naval launch, in a magnificent white uniform, frozen in salute as he reviews Cambodia's fleet of gunboats. We study this pose for no less than one dozen shots — variously full figure, close-up and so forth.

The Prince has given himself some choice scenes in **Shadow Over Angkor** in which to show off his histrionic range and his short but imposing presence. In one sequence, he narrates a history of Cambodia, emphasizing the country's commitment to strict neutrality, while the camera travels effectively over the murals and carvings of the famous Angkor ruins. With all its faults, the film is a *tour de force* for the Prince and an inscrutable curio in the history of cinema.

Of course, some film producers have managed to rebuild their film careers abroad after having been driven out of their own countries by political changes. But the film career of Prince Norodom Sihanouk, now in exile, seems doomed unless events in Cambodia reverse themselves dramatically. If they do, and if the Prince is restored to his throne, he surely will adapt the history of these recent months into a feature-length color film starring himself. ■

New Line Cinema 16 & 35 m/m releases

JEAN LUC GODARD — SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL (1+1), WIND FROM THE EAST / *PETER WATKINS* — GLADIATORS / *ROBERT BRESSON* — AU HASARD BALTHAZAR, MOUCHETTE / *KENJI MIZOGUCHI* — THE TAIRA CLAN SAGA, CHIKAMATSU / *SHELDON ROCHLIN* — VALI / *STANTON KAYE* — BRANDY IN THE WILDERNESS / *RICHARD MYER* — AKRAN / *JAN NEMEC* — MARTYRS OF LOVE (CZECH) / *JAN SCHMIDT* — HOTEL OZONE (CZECH) / *GRAEME FERGUSON* — THE VIRGIN PRESIDENT (SEVERN DARDEN)

Send for complete release list & full details
New Line Cinema
121 University Place
New York, New York 10003
tel: (212) 674-7460

Dear Mom and Dad, Your silence is killing me.

In Southeast Asia, on campus, in the streets.

Clergy and Laymen Concerned about Vietnam
475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y. 10027

MYRA BRECK-INRIDGE

_____ _____ played the father of George "foghorn" Winslow in **My Pal Gus.**

Mickey Rooney's father in the **Andy Hardy** series was played by _____ _____.

In one of his early screen appearances _____ _____ tried to win Katherine Hepburn away from Spencer Tracy in **Adam's Rib.**

see next page for the answers.

Forty years of film blended into a montage of American cultural heroes — the archetypes for today's values. They either ride tall in the saddle, have big boobs or wear three fingered white gloves.*

Me

C.U. Myra—bitterly

"Manhood died with Burt Lancaster in **Vera Cruz**."

The film stars two sex goddesses, one past and one present, a film director and a movie critic.

20th Century Fox

Myra is an act of celluloid incest, a perverted exercise upon the American myths. The ones locked in film vaults.

Me

_____ _____ was the sadistic prison guard in **Brute Force.**

C.U. Myra—coldly

"In the decade between 1935 and 1945 no irrelevant film was made in the United States. During those years, the entire range of human (which is to say American) legend was put on film and any profound study of those extraordinary works is bound to make crystal clear the human condition."

Gore Vidal

"Where's my tits?"

Rex Reed

Any film that can stimulate Jerry Lewis and Jacqueline Susanne to deplore the decline in good taste can't be all bad.

Me

"Myra is the worst movie ever."

Clyde Gilmour

Life is just a rotten movie—made in 1940.

Me

"Pass the popcorn."

the girl I took to see it.

It's about Lash LaRou and Gary Cooper, it's about Shirley Temple; it's about lesbians, it's about Saturday afternoons at the movies, it's about queers and apple pie; it's about.....shshsh.....Darryl and Richard; it's about film.

Me

Pan from Myron to magazine with cover photo of Raquel Welch starring in Myra Breckinridge. The 1930's displaced into the 1970's. Old content with new styles—obscene.

In **The Winning Team** Ronald Reagan portrayed baseball's greatest pitcher _____

It says a lot about myths, realities and fantasies — cross my heart and hope to die.

That's all folks

Bruce Pittman

* See DISNEY, WALT

LITTLE FAUSS & BIG HALSEY

It must have looked great on paper. Two cycle freaks revving up for big runs over the plain states. With music by Johnny Cash. And starring Robert Redford and Michael J. Pollard. Something that could make **Easy Rider** look epicene. But who directed it? Sidney J. Furie. Can the man who shot **The Appaloosa** from the point of view of the horse's tail, the same fellow who spattered blood and hair all over the walls in **The Lawyer** redeem himself with all these toys to play with? Not hardly. What Furie sacrifices by way of self-conscious technique and flashy camera play, he makes up for in tedium. Redford and Pollard are astonishingly good as the bike jockeys. Their performances are full of nifty quirks and eccentricities that save the film from total disaster — despite the fact that both roles threaten these actors with the possibility of type-casting. Pollard plays yet another gas station attendant and sexual third wheel. Redford finds himself in another sport-as-microcosm vehicle. Yet both of them have a whole bag of acting tricks that they keep dipping into and surprising you with. Nobody can do a take like Pollard and nobody can escalate a simple gesture like Redford. But it's not enough.

Furie sets up the friendship between the scruffy Fauss (Pollard) and the blustering Halsey (Redford) depicts its disintegration over a spacey lady (Lauren Hutton), and brings the adversaries together for the ultimate test of skill at the Big Race. In a nod to his "serious" audience and an outright rebuff to the fans of the sport who will probably fill the theatre, Furie cunningly concludes the film with A FREEZE FRAME! in the middle of the race, returning things to character development and forsaking action for art, as though the two were contradictory. The Angels will tear up the screen—which is a civilized response to such a cop out.

Little Fauss and Big Halsey could have been a damn good racing film. If not that, it could have offered some insights into the cycle psyche. It misses on both counts and that's perverse. For additional irritation, Cash's voice must have been plugged into the motorcycle ignitions — whenever the bikes start up he does too, with his crashingly tiresome basso profundo. And if you're looking for the equivalent of Steve McQueen's cycle pyrotechnics in **The Great Escape**, you are in for a big disappointment. The only thing more boring than watching people ride motorcycles is watching couples running through lush fields. There's probably more excitement, spoke for spoke, in the A.I.P. cycle cycle.

Susan Rice

JOE

A Cannon Films production. 1970. Colour. Director and Camera: John G. Avildsen. Script: Norman Wexler. Cast: Peter Boyle, Dennis Patrick, K. Callan, Audrey Caine. Released by Cannon.

Films that make a strident effort to be "right on" usually turn me right off. I approached **Joe** with reluctance and apprehension, for another film on drugs, violence, generation-gap claptrap was as welcome as a musical on venereal disease. After seeing **The Trip** and **Wild in The Streets** I swore off American International pictures for a year, and on the one occasion I was tempted to try again **(Three In The Attic)** I extended my resolve for two more years. **Zabriskie Point** had bitterness but no bite, and in intellectual terms was like re-reading Paul Goodman (circa 1957) except that Goodman, even in a moment of weakness, wouldn't have pinned the hopes of humanity on the nude rompings of a twit and a ninny in the desert. **Medium Cool** was a film mess that meandered around in a social mess, to no particular purpose; it was presumptuous for it to criticize social disorder until it had tidied up its own disorders as a film. Hal Bartlett's **Changes** spent two million dollars informing us that youth was not materialistic and expected us to trust a message that the medium belied at every camera angle. The singular achievement of **Woodstock** is that instead of believing its own myths ("youth, music, love and grass") it gave its heart to, and derived its inspiration from, modern technology, as rock music does. **Woodstock** revelled in the hardware and effects of this technology, and in so doing became a technically brilliant film that will not be improved upon for years to come. The most profoundly revolutionary acts in the twentieth century are performed in scientific — not Strawberry — fields, and films as diverse as **Woodstock** and **2001: A Space Odyssey** are notable because they have grasped this central fact. A judicious, humanizing use of technology is all that is open to artists in the twentieth century; an anti-technological, anti-materialistic philosophy simply isn't viable, and the more that artists persist in vain, inappropriate philosophies rather than coming to grips with current and future life, the more that control of technology will fall into less conscientious hands.

No critic that I know of attacked **2001: A Space Odyssey** on the basis of its omissions or improbabilities; yet in **2001** there is no mention of *any* of the problems we expect to face in the next 30 years. There is no reference to nuclear weapons and their control, population or ecological problems; the film begins with a premise that such problems have been satisfactorily solved. Yet many critics have attacked **Joe** for what they term its "improbabilities of plot" and refuse to grant it any liberty of imagination. The intemperate, critical response which **Joe** has received is a back-handed tribute to its

power as a film; it isn't merely part of a debate that includes such films as **Medium Cool** or **The Strawberry Statement** as its opponents. **Joe** is the most savagely funny film since Kubrick unleashed **Dr. Strangelove**, and like **Dr. Strangelove** it is frequently unfair to those being depicted, and scenes which begin with a seeming realism are given a nightmarish twist. The film opens with the relationship of a pusher and his girl — everytime she expresses the slightest anxiety about the life they are leading, he pops a new pill into her. They relate to one another solely through drugs, one might almost say that they've formed a *mênage à trois* with drugs; the film looks at their relationship with a Swiftian eye, and exposes their every weakness. As the hard-hat who philosophizes with a hammer, hating blacks, hippies, homosexuals, modern music, all drugs except alcohol, Peter Boyle gives the type of performance that leaps off the screen and into your mind forever. As a former actor with the Second City Revue in Chicago, Boyle developed a fine sense of timing, and he plays his role with a full quotient of irony that makes it as subtly comic as Peter Sellers in his multiple roles in **Strangelove**. When he staggers over to a jukebox, and after studying the selections for a moment, exclaims, "God-damn hippie kids, they've even fucked up the music!" he is *both* a fully, frighteningly believable character, and an ironic commentary upon it. By satirizing the polarities in contemporary American life, **Joe** has become one of the most misunderstood films in recent years; it's been accused of being ambivalent, of not knowing which side of the question to take, of being inconsistent in its attitudes and values, as if film had to reinforce a critic in his own views before it could have any merit. **Joe** is a comedy that transcends the issues it is satirizing, a film which deliberately trivializes the warring factions in American life, to show how unnecessary much of the current strife is in that country. Norman Wexler's script has the deadly accuracy of an Elaine May-Mike Nichols routine, a sensitivity to the latest in idiomatic cliches both in phrases and whole thoughts, and just as when one listens to Nichols and May doing *Bach to Bach*, the comedy level of **Joe** is subtle, insidious, and painfully close to home. It is a completely mistaken notion to regard **Joe** as simply a topical film. It has much greater force as a comedy than **Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice**, and it serves to remind us of how powerful films can be when they are made with an authentic passion.

John Hofsess

L'AVEU

Produced by Films Corona. Films Pomereu. Fonorama Selenia Cinematografica. 1969-70. Eastmancolour. Director: Costa-Gavras. Screenplay: Jorge Semprun, based on the book by Artur London. Photography: Raoul Coutard. Camera: Chris Marker. Editor: Françoise Bonnot. Cast: Yves Montand, Simone Signoret, Gabriele Ferzetti, Michel Vitold, Laszlo Szabo, Gérard Darrieu.

Among Czechoslovak Stalinists who in 1949 expressed rubber-stamp approval of the Rajk trial death sentences in Hungary was Deputy Foreign Minister Artur London, veteran of Spain and the French Resistance. London's own darkness at noon was to come in 1951, when he was arrested, accused of being a Trotskyite and "Zionist", and interrogated for months until he signed a treason confession. Most of his co-defendants at the subsequent Slansky trial were hanged but London got off with a jail term and ruined health. These days he lives in France, still a Communist, no longer a Stalinist. A couple of years ago he published his autobiography under the title *L'Aveu (The Confession)*. The Czechoslovaks, according to London, wanted to film the book themselves and it was not until as late as the summer of 1969 that they abandoned the idea. The film has been made instead in France by Costa-Gavras, drawing heavily on talent from **Z**: Yves Montand, Raoul Coutard, Jorge Semprun.

Not, however, Mikos Theodorakis, whose music helped make **Z** such an exhilarating movie, in spite of the subject matter. **L'Aveu,** by contrast, is tragedy without catharsis, bleak where **Z** was enjoyable. That makes **L'Aveu** the better film politically, but liable to disappoint anyone hoping for the excitements of **Z.** People have called **L'Aveu** "Bressonian," to my mind no compliment, but I see what they mean. Bresson's films are distinguished by a kind of chilly monotony, and **L'Aveu,** with its predominant jailhouse atmosphere, is certainly chilly. As for monotony, the incessant grilling to which Montand as London is subjected has a stupefying effect on us as well as him. **L'Aveu** is among other things an exercise in delayed-action aesthetics: uncomfortable to watch, yet moving in retrospect.

It also has more in common with **Z** than might seem, aside from the fact of being another political demolition job. Half of **Z**, after all, centered on judicial interrogation. The twist with **L'Aveu** is that the interrogator's aim is not to uncover the truth but to manufacture a lie. Again like **Z, L'Aveu** ends in defeat. London, his book written, goes to Prague to have it published by the Czechoslovak Writers Union. He arrives just in time to see the Soviet tanks roll in. The final shot of the film is of a brick wall on which someone has scrawled: LENIN, COME BACK! THEY HAVE GONE MAD.

As was to be expected, the film has been attacked by the French Communist Party, which accused it of furnishing ammunition to the Right. Montand, no longer one of Moscow's favorite Western entertainers, countered with a quotation from Gramsci: "The truth is always revolutionary." In Prague, they waited until this August and then stripped London of his Czechoslovak nationality. Even *L'Humanité* objected to that one (London's brother-in-law is on the French Party Central Committee), but continued to maintain that the film was anti-Communist. Meanwhile, on the foreign critical front, **L'Aveu** got an advance panning from both Richard Roud and Andrew Sarris, the latter complaining of Costa-Gavras' "bad faith," but making no effort to substantiate the charge.

There is really not much question about Costa-Gavras' sincerity. What does remain to be seen is how good he would be without people like Coutard and Semprun. One thing is certain: he knows how to get performances out of his actors. Montand here is back in his **La Guerre Est Finie** form, the very nature of his role preventing him from emanating that faint aura of showbiz glamor that made him a somewhat unconvincing Lambrakis. Better still is Gabriele Ferzetti as Kohoutek, London's chief interrogator. Firm but not brutal (he delegates the dirty work), terribly patient and at times even paternal, he is the most benevolent killer you would want to meet.

Toward the end of the film, Costa-Gavras inserts an episode that in historical fact involved not London but Eduard Goldstuecker, ex-President of the Czechoslovak Writers Union. One day, after his release from jail, London runs into Kohoutek, who has himself in the interim been imprisoned. The experience has left him a little gaga — "Whatever happened to us?" he asks London, who backs wordlessly away. Kohoutek is condemned to unawareness, fortunately for him. If he were capable of lucidity, he'd hang himself.

Geoffrey Minish

UNTOUCHED AND PURE & ACT of THE HEART

Untouched & Pure

A Swedish Film Insitute and National Film Board of Canada co-production, 1970, by Mort Ransen, Christopher Cordeaux, and Martin Duckworth. 16mm, black and white, 45 min. Produced by Tom Daly and John Kemeny. Location Sound: Tommy Bergh. Assistant Cameraman: John Churchill.

Act of the Heart

A Paul Almond Production, 1970. Technicolor, 103 min. Producer and Director: Paul Almond. Assistant Directors: John Board and Frank Phillips. Film Editor: James Mitchell. Photography: Jean Boffety. Sound: David Howells. Music: Cantata by Harry Freedman; "La Chanson de Marthe" and "La Chanson du Feu et de l'Eau" by Gilles Vigneault. Cast: Genevieve Bujold, Donald Sutherland, Monique Leyrac, Bill Mitchell, Suzanne Langlois, Sharon Acker, Ratch Wallace, Jean Duceppe, Gilles Vigneault, Eric House, Jean Dalmain, Claude Jutra, François Tassé. A Universal release.

When there is nothing else for it to do, a tired, expended medium turns around and starts playing with itself. Due to economic pressure and popular appeal, movies, up to now, have resisted this temptation but remain in constant danger of becoming an "art form". Film works with shapes, sound, light and perceived time. When we get manipulation of these variables for their own sake — when we must talk about good shots separate from what they are good shots of — then movies will have become as alienated and lifeless as their museum-locked cousins.

Mort Ransen (**Christopher's Movie Matinée**) and Chris Cordeaux (Editor of **Prologue**), two of Canada's most exciting filmmakers, seem to have succumbed to

this sin of onanism. Their latest film, **Untouched and Pure,** is a medium-length impressionistic portrait of modern day Sweden. It is an editor's film. In it Cordeaux has evolved a style which he describes as "acid editing" in which one moment is joined to another with the insane logic of a drugged person — at least that is the theory. Some of the best examples of this style are to be seen in Arthur Lipsett's burrowings into the garbage cans of the National Film Board **(Very Nice, Very Nice;** and **A Trip Down Memory Lane)**

In Lipsett's films, the historical and stock-shot images are clipped together in a time-warp disjunction that was druggy long before drugs became fashionable. The main problem with Cordeaux's "new style" of editing is that it only has flashes of this sort of thing. His latest film is intellectual, clever (oh so clever) and filmy; but very rarely acidy. **Untouched and Pure** is therefore a fascinating film to watch, but only for the editing pyrotechnics. A close-up of steel ingots in a factory is imperceptibly transformed into abstract close-ups of modern apartment buildings — faces dissolve into one another with unmoving eyes — words trigger unrelated images and images trigger words.

For Ransen, this film can be considered a backward step. In **Christopher's Movie Matinée** there is an equal amount of playing around — including the whole clapper-board, Godardian, "I know I am making a movie" trip but at least, in that film, the shenanigans were focussed around something which Ransen understands and feels for. With **Untouched and Pure** he went to Sweden as a tourist and brought back a curiously inflated home movie. In among the gags we see glimmers of un-rehearsed, unrefined humanity. The whole, however, is a cerebral and filmic exercise; an act of the head of great interest and little heart.

With Paul Almond's latest film, we have an example of the same trend backwards. His earlier film, **Isabel,** is an extremely interesting film technically: the use of sound is fantastic, and the formal composition of the images and colour is equally impressive, but it has little else going for it. Seeing it recently on black and white television was seeing it denuded of all its virtues and, in contrast to the big screen original, it was dull and flat. His latest film, **Act of the Heart,** has vestiges of the old formalism — a precious composition here, an unneccessary camera movement there — but in terms of deep, rich subject matter, it is head and shoulders above most features made on this side of the Atlantic. With **Isabel,** Almond demonstrated that he knows how to make movies. With this film, he actually does it.

The film stars Geneviève Bujold (Almond's wife), as well as the French Canadian singer Monique Leyrac and Donald Sutherland (of MASH fame). In the case of the two female leads, the acting in this film goes well beyond what one might call good. It is not acting at all, or rather it is what acting should be and so rarely is, a distillation of genuine human interaction. We not only hear what people are saying but we know what they are thinking. As in real life, a look or gesture says as much as the dialogue. Only in some Czech films have I seen such subtlety of character portrayal and three-dimensional concern with the creation of human atmosphere.

The film is centered around a neurotic teenage girl who falls in love with a monk. It is set in the neo-colonial world of rich, English Montreal. Almond grew up in this lush little oasis and depicts its quaint nuances with a delicacy which goes far beyond the mere political. The character portrayed by Bujold is so different from any of her previous roles, that it is difficult to recognize her. She is half woman, half child; she needs and gives security with equal intensity. She both mothers and is mothered. She muddles spirituality and earthly love, a confusion which eventually gets her her monk.

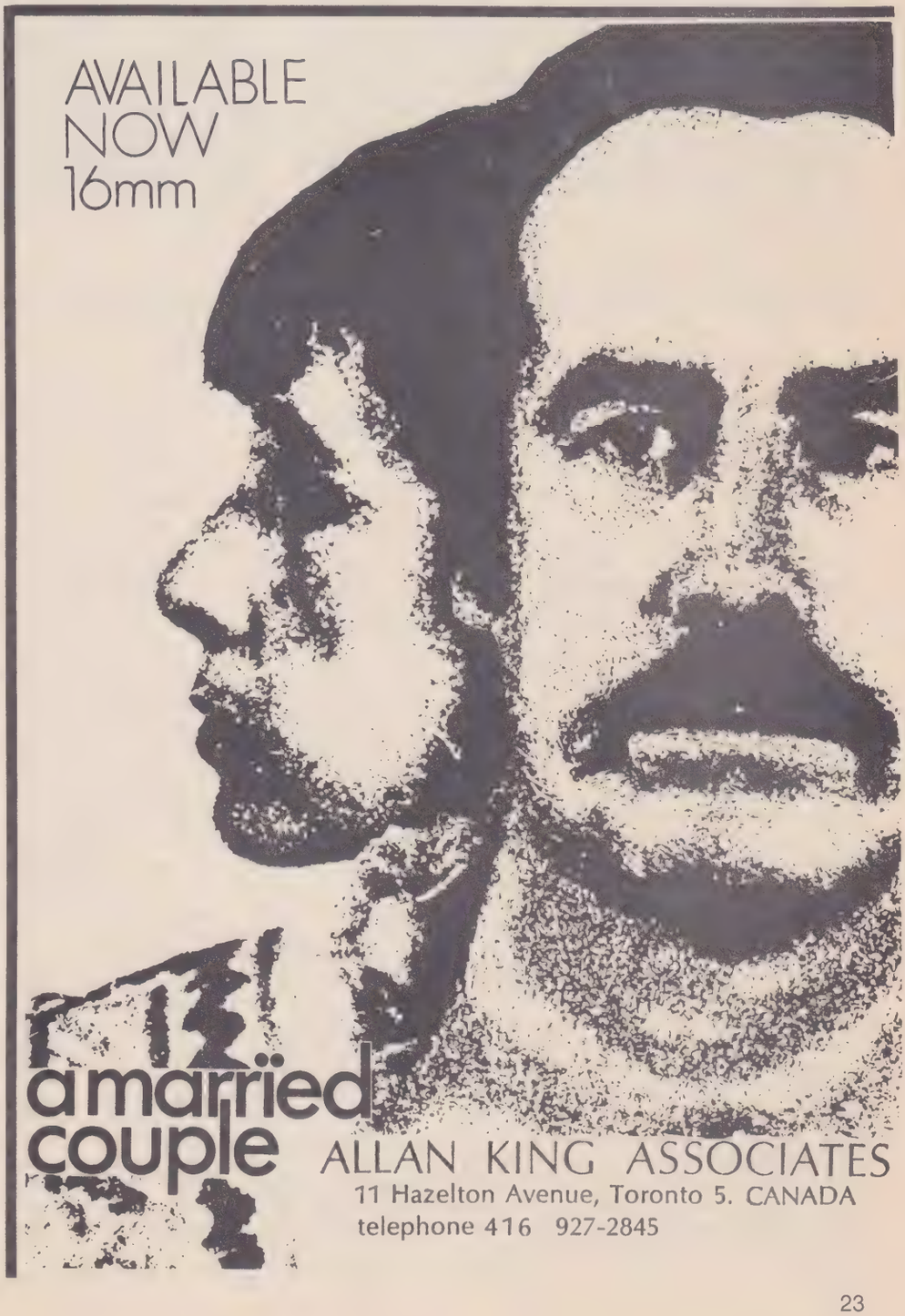
The whole love affair is the weakest and most awkward part of the film. Donald Sutherland, as the hip monk, looks and acts as if he has strayed in from another movie. It is a pity that this forced and phoney love affair weakens what otherwise would have been a powerful and simple story. Given that things must 'happen' in movies, it is to be hoped that, in future, the Almond-Bujold team will find a story more in tune with their obvious genius.

Ronald Blumer

ADAM AT 6AM

A Solar production, 1970. Technicolor. Producers: Rick Rosenberg, Robert Christianson. Director: Robert Scheerer. Script: Stephen and Elinor Karpf. Camera: Charles Rosher. Sound: Glenn Anderson. Editor: Jack McSweeney. Cast: Michael Douglas, Lee Purcell, Joe Dan Baker, Grayson Hall, Charles Aidman, Marge Redmond. A Cinema Center Films Presentation, released through National General.

Adam at Six A.M. is the first of the **Easy Rider** spin-offs that really works. It is a low budget, on location, under-thirty, quasi-political odyssey — a kind of sen-



sible, earth-bound companion piece to a movie like **Joe** that takes the hippie/hard-hat conflict and turns it into a surrealistic nightmare. Where **Joe** shouts and pounds, **Adam** whispers and cajoles.

As one of the characters in **Adam** comments (and this is paraphrastic): "All you people do is make movies for the East and West Coast. What about all us people in between?" Though it may not be a picture *for* Middle America, **Adam** is about the life styles of those people in between. It is set in Missouri and it represents that inviting simplicity of the ghettoless, minority-less, unurbanized, unpolluted milieu that threatens the dreams and creative tensions of the committed, media-infested city dwellers.

Adam of the title is a California-bred (Beverly Hills) college professor, a teacher of semantics who has lost his faith in words and teaching about words. He ventures East ostensibly to attend the funeral of a great-aunt who meant little to him. Once he arrives in the Midwest, he decides to stay and give the simple life a try. His attitude toward plastic furniture, patriotic samplers, antimacassars, men in the kitchen and women in the living room, small town beauty parlors and the bright-eyed cheerleader type to whom he eventually becomes engaged is not one of condescension, though it is sometimes amused. His position in relation to the road gang with whom he works and drinks is that of uninitiated wonder and eagerness for acceptance on their terms.

Though they create a Middle American Straw Man that must inevitably be rejected, though Adam's affair with his plain vanilla coed has to be *seductio ad absurdum,* the makers of this film examine the domain of the Silent Majority with much the attitude of their major character — a combination of bemused affection, minimal frustration but, ultimately, despair at lack of complexity and total predictability. This plus the slow but inexorable progression of this community toward the life that Adam left behind. **Adam at Six A.M.** manages to describe the conservative idyll without prescribing it. Nor does the film dote on the reasons for its rejection, but proceeds on the premise that these are implicitly known, thus sparing us the customary sermon.

Apart from these unpretentious and engaging qualities, I commend **Adam at Six A.M.** to you for a couple of other reasons. One is the exceptional script, and notably the dialogue, by Stephen and Elinor Karpf. They manage to match the sophistication of Adam's verbal facility with the cadences and tropes of the middle and lower-middle class. The second thing is Michael Douglas's performance which is controlled, suggestive and unmannered. Lastly, there is Robert Scheerer's fine direction. This is his first film and it has none of the annoying gimmickry that seems to characterize the Young American New Wave. His direction of non-professionals makes them indistinguishable from the very competent major characters. **Adam** contains just the kind of unsensational material that most directors feel compelled to overstate and overdo. Scheerer makes it believable and graceful by being unintrusive.

Susan Rice

solo

Produced by Balzac-Films, Eclair (Paris) and Cinevog — Showcking (Brussels), 1969. Eastmancolour, 89 min. Director: Jean-Pierre Mocky. Script: Mocky and Alain Moury. Music: Georges Moustaki. Camera: Marcel Weiss. Editor: Marguerite Renoir. Cast: Jean-Pierre Mocky, Denis Le Guillou, Anne Deleuze, Sylvie Breal, R.-J. Chauffard, Henri Poirier, Jacques Flamand.

Jean-Pierre Mocky is the man whose name used to get left out of all those articles on the Nouvelle Vague, despite the fact that he made his directorial debut around the time that Godard, Truffaut and Chabrol made theirs, and was equally young. A combination of bad luck at the box office and a loner's temperament — he has steered clear of the French film world's intellectual cliques — kept Mocky an isolated figure, and it is a pleasant irony that the hit he has finally managed to achieve with both the French critics and public should be called **Solo.**

Paris post-May: Vincent Cabral, a forty-ish ship's musician, part-time gigolo and smuggler, arrives home to learn that his kid brother, a regular little Nechayev, has just machine-gunned a bourgeois orgy and is planning to do a repeat performance that very night. Vincent spends the day desperately trying to reach and dissuade his brother. He fails, and is killed in a shootout with police, a self-sacrifice that enables his brother to escape.

Vincent is played by Mocky himself. He in fact started out as an actor (Antonioni's **I Vinti**) and enjoyed a brief spell as a youthful matinée idol in Italy. Now, in early middle age, he looks like a cross between Marcello Mastroianni and Elisha Cook Jr.

Solo shows a new aspect of Mocky's talent, revealing him as one of those rare French directors able to inject pace into a melodrama. His usual trademarks are also present: a rough-and-ready style reminiscent of Samuel Fuller, earthy humor, deliberate bad taste (compared to Mocky, Billy Wilder is Jane Austen), and a total hostility toward bourgeois society. Vincent Cabral's con-man attitude is clearly congenial to Mocky, who has not scrupled to compromise in order to stay in the film business, as with his 1968 **La Grande Lessive**, a middling-funny satire on TV-addiction that ended with a kowtow to De Gaulle. You would never catch Godard doing a thing like that. Yet when Godard comes on as anti-bourgeois, he gives the impression of a purely cerebral hatred. Mocky's is straight from the guts.

Mocky denies he is an anarchist, which I find hard to accept, even though **Solo** was slated in the French anarchist press on the grounds that it perpetuates the stereotype of the anarchist as a bomb-thrower. Revolutionaries who fret about their image are beyond hope, but what Mocky can be criticised for is a certain ambivalence toward terrorism. Vincent, Mocky's spokesman, argues against terrorism throughout the film, yet the people at the final fatal orgy are represented as so downright awful that it is almost a relief when they get blasted.

Mocky's denial is nevertheless justified in the sense that he is first and foremost an artist, and too shrewd to let himself be destroyed by politics, which is what seems to be happening to Godard. Or as Vincent tells a girl terrorist he is bent on seducing: "No ideology between the legs." If you must sacrifice yourself, Mocky is saying, do it for someone you know and love, not for an abstract humanity.

Geoffrey Minish

OVER- & -looked UNDER- -RATED

Psych-Out (1968). A bald, blatant, often grotesque exploitation of the whole hippy scene; but surprisingly accurate in its character portrayal, and one or two really special, special effects.

A deaf girl comes to Haight-Ashbury in search of her spaced-out brother known as "The Seeker".

The film, made two years before **Easy Rider,** was shot by **Rider's** cameraman, Laszlo Kovacs, and stars Jack Nicholson. It has much of the spirit of the later film, including a very sympathetic treatment of the long-hairs who underneath it all, are the real Captain Americas.

With slightly different timing and exploitation this film could certainly have had the same financial success as its equally mediocre descendant.

Ronald Blumer

●

The Saragosa Manuscript, Poland, (1966), Dir. Wojciech Has, (from a novel by Jan Potocki).

A Polish spectacular which is spectacular in a way that most blockbuster's are weak — in its screenplay. The film is a gnarled tangle of plot within plot within plot which become literally impossible to follow. After a while, one just sits in amazement, watching the whole mess untangle itself and everything turning out all right in the end (I think).

Zodiak Films of Montreal hold the Canadian rights to this film, but no print — unfortunately a common occurrence in the mindless racket known as film distribution

Ronald Blumer

●

Amanita Pestilens, Canada, (1963), Dir. René Bonnière.

A film starring Geneviève Bujold which was so under-rated that it was never released anywhere! A slight but delightful comedy about a suburbanite whose reason for living is his prize-winning lawn. Both are destroyed by the appearance of a mysterious monster mushroom, which changes him from the pride of the neighbourhood to a social outcast. Crawley Films of Ottawa, which sunk $300,000 into this film, are so convinc-

ed that the film is no good that they won't even release it for showing in film societies (Canadian Patriotism in action).

Ronald Blumer

LA PRISONNIERE

Returned to their flat in a Paris suburb moments before her husband's arrival from his art studio, a wife makes the ordinary reply to his query about how she had spent her day: "Oh — slaved away as usual." She had in fact spent her time out at a most extraordinary session on the lore of love-and-perversity: a session conducted by the owner of the gallery exhibiting her husband's paintings.

Art scenes and sex games: what makes Henri-Georges Clouzot's **La Prisonnière** a notable and entertaining movie is the way it intertwines and implicates the one in its ostensible exploitation of the other. The ambience of the sex plot, its whole social and cultural context, is that of the art world. There are few gag lines — lines, that is, like the one cited above which are so evidently gross as to be unobtrusive yet edged; and few visual gags at this dumb and deadpan level. And these few function not so much to kid the material outrightly, and thus keep it distanced, as to avow the film's non-realistic impetus, its — otherwise impassioned — aesthetic play. This is a movie-movie. Nor would anyone expect the director of such dark-humored thrillers as **Manon** or **Wages of Fear** or **Diabolique** to come on in a lightsome manner. Clouzot's preference is for romantic themes and for characters who inhabit that psychic terrain designated by Norman Mailer as our time's Barbary Shore. The faint splutter of gags and more reverberant pornographized elements all serve yet one more variation on the myth of the Fatal Embrace and the Grand Passion. The film marks precisely a return to where Clouzot had left off with his version of **Manon** of 1949.

Like the subjects he favors, Clouzot's style — including the sure, unobtrusive, photoplay-like rhythm of editing of his films — is more old Hollywood than New Wave: the American director of whom he especially reminds is Robert Aldrich. Both calculatedly risk the grossest, most maudlin-seeming effects. When these work, they release in their charge themes and sympathies of a less evident, less popular kind than their hectic surface action would seem aimed to exploit. In the case of **La Prisonnière,** an alternating presentation of cool art scenes and compulsive sex games culminates in the reversal of the games revealed as containing — and insisting on — the reality of passion. It is the art scenes in contrast, which are revealed as functioning at no level beyond that of the game.

The film's play with current shibboleths and clichés concerning the arts and artists is shrewdly apt. When the heroine seeks to insult the art-dealer, she leads off with "monster", "impotent" and so on, till she hits on the ultimate put-down with: "Why — you are not an artist like my husband. You are only a — a — salesman!" This for her is what marks the depth—and significance—of her own degradation; that she should have turned in her feelings from an artist to a mere trader in pictures. Earlier, she had herself proved terribly sensitive to the accusation of being "bourgeois"; through this taunt the hero is able initially to hook her interest in his decadent pastimes. It is still not a general thing — certainly not in movies — to take the artist's manna as casually as this film does. Indeed, what happens is that our sympathies, along with the heroine's, are gradually nudged away from the artist-figure to — of all people! — the promoter-figure who proves to be the one, this time round, who is soulful, melancholy, aware, independent and all.

As to the heroine herself — no special aura attaches to her (no more than it does to her male counterpart vis-a-vis the mysterious Manon). As played by Noelle Adam, she is well-scrubbed, sensual, and self-contained, manifesting in her demeanor neither a distinctive amount of intelligence nor bad nerves. There is a possible hint of complication in the fact that she is heading into the last years of youth; not yet fully set in character and attitude she is vulnerably conscious of being just this side of such a ripened and irrevocable completion. Still, this is no distracted Antonioni heroine but one who, in all respects, is "all there".

Her husband, the artist, is heavy-mannered, open-faced, burly, pugnacious (but not so tough in a showdown), self-satisfied, and — through most of the film — happy. Surely (realities aside) what we have here does not square with the pop image of the Artist-Hero as that image derives from Romantic myth. The prerequisites are met by the lean and moony and pale entrepreneur. We wouldn't be surprised if he broke out in a consumptive cough. He is a loner: "I have no friends — that's not my style". He lives in a dimly lit, exotically appointed apartment, from which he frequently clambers up to the roof in order to stare down broodingly (in the standard Romantic stance) at the streets below. He is suicidal, his stare-downs accompanied by an urge to jump down. With the nerve of a Mailer hero, he goes so far as to walk the rooftop's ledge to prove a point. He has his own code of life — one which can be contradictory, as when he objects to bringing the heroine, at her request, to his place because she is partnered, after all, to "my friend", the painter. Which is to note that our hero, true to his type, has the style of a gentleman.

His hobby of staring and snapping at women through his camera ties in with his other eye-bound tendencies. He takes the Romantic stance of staring to its logical extreme by finally screwing through the eye: the eye he keeps hidden not by the shades which people ordinarily sport to mask their gaze, but hidden rather behind the camera's snout. Flick-flick-flick goes the camera as our hero snaps his submissive models from all angles, increasing the rhythm of flicks and flashes to a mounting crescendo, while those posing before him become increasingly heated, as if on an actual sex ride. This idea of the ride without touching, insofar as it is intended to manifest the perverse specialism inherent in a strictly visual experience, owes an obvious debt to the opening sequence of Antonioni's **Blow-Up.** In the **Blow-Up** sequence, however, the photographer remorselessly drops the objects of his camera-eye once he is satisfied that he has got the pictures he wanted; and they are left writhing on the floor, still expectant and unfulfilled. Antonioni's concern is with the inescapably different motives of the artist and those who comprise his "materials". The problem is dramatic, having to do with a conflict of wills and with insoluble elements in the experience of artist and subject. Unlike Antonioni's, Clouzot's film is a romance of perversity and his effects approximate more to the pornographic because of the shared motives of his characters and their shared, titillatingly abortive, semi-satisfactions: camera-man and model are both caught up in complicity with the camera-eye.

This sort of complicity is possible only to an age dominated by technology and its iconic artifacts, for technology makes easy and encourages the completest of mergers between the ego and its icons. The hero's pathology reveals one possible result of such a merger: the boxing in of the Id. Enamoured of the hero, the heroine is placed in bondage to his camera-eye. When she finally succeeds in wooing him from his camera and into bed, she frees him from his bondage to his egomaniacal eye and so releases his sex. The more one stares, the less one touches life. In a word, the premises of this film are McLuhanist; and this is precisely what adds an enlivening level of interest to the age-worn and frowsy myth on which the film is structured.

As a connoisseur and promoter of the arts, our hero is a professional starer. The weird games of his private life are thus no more than a carry-over from his business life. Either way, he remains bound to the life of his eye. Opposed to him is the 'real' artist, but 'real' has to be spelled with horns since he is at best a mod operator who follows the vogues. We see him daubing at a canvas with one hand while stuffing a sandwich in his mouth with the other. Unlike the dealer (who explains to the heroine that while he himself sells pop-op-glop-and-glut, he buys traditional), the artist is unironic about his set up. The dealer lives in the city; the artist, in the suburbs. When the latter learns of his wife's affair at a time when he is in the midst of one of his own with a lady journalist whose work could forward his career, he cries that he feels "dirtied". All of which leaves the field entirely to the unillusioned promoter as Mystery Man of the hour, even as the artist comes across as the scene's Rotarian, a burping booster.

As before noted, this is a reversal of the expected pop images, and hence not in line with the spirit of Nowtimes. Concerning sex, the film's treatment is operatically fervent, morbid, laced with sadism, and cogent. This too, all in all, is a bit off the present mood which would seem to be keyed more to the cold-blooded, righteous, programatically leering flapdoodle of such hits and conversation pieces as *Oh Calcutta* or **The Graduate** or Visconti's cartoon epic **The Damned.** With its publicity geared entirely to the art

house market for pop sex, **La Prisonnière** failed at the box office.

It is perhaps a comment on the less than sublimely relaxed attitudes of that market that Clouzot's film doesn't *blame* sex for anything in the manner of films like **The Graduate** or **The Damned,** where sex plays the devil with youthful ideals or national politics. At least, Clouzot's film has the courage of its raunchy romanticism. The ending is wild: in a fit after a fall-out with her lover, the heroine zooms off in her car to skid onto a railroad track and be hit by a train! A final shot shows her bandaged head to foot and stretched on a hospital bed like a snow Queen on a rack.

While this can be taken as the grossest kind of moralizing eyewash, a standard routine for clobbering sexual wayfarers, it clearly fits as well the conventions of the Grand Passion — traditionally both perverse and extreme. As her husband wanly stands by her bedside, the heroine — all gags spent — calls out for her lover.

Manon was an episodic film, with a certain vagueness of focus as it rambled among the World War II scenes to which its action was updated. **La Prisonnière** is more integrated in tone and plot: and also more in tune — especially through the pertinence of its discordant notes — with the time (of McLuhan) in which it is set. It brings technology into play with passion and unerringly locates as the proper field for such a play — the world of art games.

T.J. Ross

LETTER FROM N.Y.C.

BOB COWAN

Almira 38 by Nancy Kendall

The type of experimental lyric-dance-poetic psychological film that became fully developed all the way through Jean Cocteau's **Blood of a Poet** to the films of Maya Deren, has largely been abandoned by most filmmakers for the empty and sterile postures of minimal art. When minimal art succeeds in conveying anything at all other than its own preciousness, it succeeds only because of the intrusion of the artist's personality upon the content. The worst of it seems caught in the mire of its own technical ineptness and dead imagination, its profundity being no more or less than the passive turning of the camera eye itself. In **Almira 38,** a first film by Nancy Kendall, we have a film that belongs in the mainstream of the best of lyric filmmaking. Certainly, it suffers from a kind of awkwardness and fumbling of technique, but in spite of these short-comings it still radiates a disturbing and intense mood that is very forceful.

To the accompaniment of a sound track of intensified insect and country noises (used not to illustrate the image seen, but rather as a parallel counterpoint to the visuals, much the way Mike and George Kuchar use natural sounds largely magnified, to give a kind of feverish intensity to the content), a ghost-like figure moves cautiously at first, then, possessed by a painful echo of something past, she moves, propelled onward, to final release at the edge of the water. She is tracked all the while by a row of staring child faces, sometimes behind, sometimes ahead, and the figure of a man following close by, somewhat unconnected and remote.

The still-life motifs of the setting consist of a time-worn ancient house, a straggle of overgrown weeds, empty roads and waving grasses. Not a romantic backdrop, but a kind of empty graveyard of memory symbols. There is a tension in the atmosphere that builds in the mind while the camera intrudes on suggested scenes of remembered pain. At times the camera remains aloof, taking it all in. At other times it becomes part of the action — personalized and menacing — as in the scene where it slowly tracks the wildly gesticulating figure in black down the road from behind, almost as if it was forcing her to flee. The road seems endless, the figure of the girl seems to be running on a treadmill.

A repeated theme of a series of images consisting of a turning windmill, its shadow (more menacing than the windmill itself), a rocking chair, interrupts the action like the tolling of a bell. The black-tattered figure of the girl in high-laced boots seems caught in some other time, some other space, oblivious to her passive onlookers of children perched in a tree.

The pendulum shadow of the turning windmill interrupts her movements and then she is seen observed by a young man (her protector?). At all times there is a physical and mental distance between the two. She flees down railway tracks, down a winding road, imprisoned by the trees on either side of her as the crackling sounds of insects surround her like a threatening army of doom. Her black garments become more tattered as she spastically lurches down the road. At last she emerges at the edge of the sea, her tattered remnants gone.

A kind of purification has taken place. Her male follower also emerges near her, but now in formal dress. Her movements are balletic and graceful, full of new strength as she shifts her body in rhythm to the reassuring pulse of the sea. A few memory images reappear as she moves toward the water. Silently the children gaze at her from the waves, the man leaves in the opposite direction. She enters the sea. The ending is a rebirth, a surmounting of all that went before.

As I suggested, most minimal art leaves me groaning with impatience at its presumptuousness and emptiness. If one is trying to create a maximum concept with a minimum of means then one must have experienced a great deal, digested it thoroughly through great discipline and contemplation before even attempting to set it down in any kind of meaningful form. This is nowhere apparent in most contemporary minimal works created today.

A perfect example of this was to be seen in the recent "Information" show at the Museum of Modern Art, probably the silliest and most pretentious exhibit I have seen anywhere for quite some time.

In Chinese brush painting, one can sense the years of training and discipline that went into producing so much beauty with one stroke of the brush. No parallel is seen in the works turned out by most minimal artists in either film or painting.

After having said all this, I am about to praise a minimal work by Barry Gerson, one of the few who has struggled through a certain amount of awkwardly awaking films to finally arrive at a very beautiful and mature imagery much in the style and simplicity of oriental painting.

Vibrations by Barry Gerson

The image is of sparkling water seen through a window, the bar of the window passing back and forth in the foreground of the image. Bright sunlight dances on the surface of the water, while the upper portion of the image, a snow-covered landscape, remains static. The water is agitated, shimmering with silver reflections. The window bar continues to shift back and forth from left fo right as if the shutter of the camera had been slowed down to the heavy beat of a pendulum. Following this image, a grey-blue-white mass of snow is seen in the foreground (out of focus), while at the top of the frame the vibrating water can be seen in sharp focus. It is a strong study in positive and negative forms, first the water dominating the snow forms and then the snow shape overwhelming the fragile, trembling motion of the water. The snow shape takes on the same interruptive quality as the bar on the window in the previous image, and also cuts into the water form and forces it to take on different shapes. The camera movement has the rhythm of breathing. The slow rising and descending of the snow form, the constant flickering water behind it never changing. A shattered broken decorative form undulating against a solid soft form, each in constant counterpoint to the other ...a sense of timelessness, no beginning or ending. A sudden cut and jump in the frame, a certain hesitancy of movement and back to the water again, but this time the waves are heavy, weighted shapes placed against (in the lower frame area) solid chunks of snow. The whole image is a flattened map of two shapes interlocking, equally strong tension existing between both. The forms seem to be on top of one another rather than in perspective. The snow form becomes U-shaped while ice forms begin to glide along in the water. The tension is released, the flow is peaceful. There is a certain sloppiness in the camera movement at times which tends to distract, especially when every element in something so minimal as this is so important to the whole. The vertical window frame reappears again sliding from left to right, while the sharp-edged water moves feather-like behind. A very delicate and beautiful image.

Vibrations succeeds for me where Gerson's other films do not. There does not seem to be anything forced, the images flow from natural observation...they are not pushed into a format dictated by a preconceived concept.

SUNDRY NOTES FOR A MONDAY MORNING

Dennis Kawicki

Confrontation at Kent State, a documentary on the Kent State tragedy, has been assembled by two Ohio filmmakers. The film includes interviews with citizens in downtown Kent (who concur with the actions of the National Guard), a National Guardsman, and student eyewitnesses to the shooting. The 45-minute film rents for $25 per day and after initial cost of the film is recovered, rental fees will be put into a memorial fund for the shooting victims. For further information, write Richard Myers, 1224 N. Mantua St., Kent, Ohio, 44240 (216-673-8220). ...Now you can fight noise pollution in your own home. An outfit called Media Pollution Control, Inc., is offering a remote control 'Hush Button', easily attachable to your TV set. "We've all known the irritation of TV commercials. If you're tired of being shouted at insulted and lied to, MPC has come up with a revolutionary device designed to return control of what comes into your home to you, the viewer...also effective in eliminating unnecessary noise from sports announcers, newscasters and politicians." $5.00 from Media Pollution Control, P.O. Box 681, Cooper Station, New York, N.Y.10003...Abbie Hoffman's *Woodstock Nation* includes a practical suggestion for viewers who would like to talk back to the movies: "Take a piece of dark cellophane and cut out the letters BULLSHIT. Paste this over a wide-faced flashlight or a lamp rigging that you can easily make. Always carry such a rigging to movies in which you want to comment on what's on the screen. Power to the People's critics. (Thanks to Jean-Jacques Lebel)."...Films for Social Change has a number of films available for rental, including **The Schizophrenia of Working for War, Black Power, The Resistance,** and **Dead Earth.** Descriptive brochures are available from 5122 Waterman Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63108...**Battle of Algiers,** set to open recently in three Paris theatres, was cancelled at the last minute because of threatened bombings and protests by various rightist groups. The distributors had avoided releasing the film in France until now because of public "sensitivity" to the film's subject...20th Century-Fox's production of **Che** has been banned in Peru. Fox didn't want the film to be shown in the country anyway because it had been subject to violent attacks in other Latin American countries. The film was severely criticized by the press, and theatres showing the film were looted and the cans of film stolen.

REFLEC--TIONS ON THE CURRENT SCENE

by HERMAN G. WEINBERG

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir, a film of three sketches and a song, each sketch introduced by its author-director, Jean Renoir...

The first sketch, M. Renoir tells us, is a Christmas story which he calls "The Last Christmas Eve," and which he dedicates to the memory of his great collaborator, although that man doesn't know he has collaborated with M. Renoir. He is Hans Christian Andersen. "I think," says M. Renoir, "that one should choose one's masters from among the very greatest."

And so, the first sketch opens on Christmas Eve in Paris. A party of revelers is celebrating in a grand restaurant, one of the group having bribed a street

une production ALAIN DELON
BELMONDO/DELON
Borsalino
un film de JACQUES DERAY
avec CATHERINE ROUVEL • ARNOLDO FOA • CORINNE MARCHAND • JULIEN GUIOMAR
FRANÇOISE CHRISTOPHE • CHRISTIAN DE TILLIERE • LAURA ADANI • MARIO DAVID et MICHEL BOUQUET
adaptation et dialogues de JEAN-CLAUDE CARRIERE · CLAUDE SAUTET · JACQUES DERAY · JEAN CAU • Musique de CLAUDE BOLLING
EASTMANCOLOR • une co-production franco-italienne ADEL PRODUCTIONS MARIANNE PRODUCTIONS MARS FILM PRODUZIONE distribuée par PARAMOUNT
Producteur délégué PIERRE CARO

RELEASED IN CANADA BY PARAMOUNT PICTURES IN ORIGINAL AND SUB-TITLED VERSIONS

beggar to watch them dine through the restaurant's window, that they may perversely better enjoy their good fortune in contrast to his. "It is not enough for us to be happy," once observed Jules Renard bitterly, "we have to know that others are unhappy." But the revelers can't stand the beggar's misery and the party breaks up in disgust, leaving the champagne, the caviar, and the pheasant untouched. Whereupon the restaurant management offers the food to the bum if he will only go away and not depress any more customers.

The bum takes it to his pal, an old flame, with whom he shares the cold embankment under one of the bridges by the Seine, which the down-and-outers, the *clochards,* call home, even on freezing winter nights like this. Together they reminisce about "old times," when they too had it good, nonexistent "good old times", as it turns out, brought on by the thought of the wonderful Christmas Eve dinner that awaits them. And just as the old saying has it, that "memory is the one paradise from which we cannot be expelled," the old couple fall asleep in each other's arms, leaving their food to another pair of bums who happen by and find them in their eternal Eden.

The Electric Waxer

"This one is an opera," M. Renoir tells us, "well, at least there are songs, choruses commenting on the action, etc. It is also very topical since it deals with the struggle between human beings and the machine."

Emilie is waxing her shiny parquet floors. Emilie is obsessed with waxing her gleaming floors. On her hands and knees she daydreams of an electric waxer, and at night she dreams of nothing else. One day her husband comes home to announce he has been promoted. "Good," she says, "now you can buy me an electric waxer." "No," says the husband, "I want peace and quiet here after a noisy day at the office." "Then I'll go back to mother," she weeps and starts to pack. So he relents and she gets her electric waxer.

At the first demonstration of this alarmingly efficient contraption, the husband slips on the highly polished floor and falls on his head. Now he is relieved of all further earthly problems, electric waxers and otherwise.

Providentially, an old childhood sweetheart shows up to console the new widow, and soon she is no longer a widow but a wife again, merrily back at waxing her silky parquet floors. But the drone of the electric waxer grates on the nerves of hubby number two also, and, in exasperation, out the window it goes.

But when something is your whole life, how can you live without it? The moral of this story is: Be careful what you allow yourself to become obsessed with, especially in this mechanical age.

Following this sketch, without a pause, M. Renoir wishes to evoke for us a touch of the Paris of "La Belle Epoque" —that Parisian "Gay Nineties" so celebrated in song and story. "But I don't delude myself," he assures us, "that it was all that gay. It had its injustices, its cruelties. But I like that period because it furnished us with touching elements which enabled us so often to put on a show. I asked Jeanne Moreau to be our guide on this excursion into the past, to which with infinite grace she agreed to lend her beauty and her talent."

Le Roi d'Yvetot (The King of Yvetot), or, The Virtue of Tolerance

"The title comes from a popular nineteenth-century song that the characters of this anecdote like to hum," says M. Renoir. "This tale is a tribute to that virtue which, unfortunately, has tended to disappear these days: I refer to tolerance. It is also a tribute to that increasingly popular game of bowls," he adds. And M. Renoir starts his sketch by casting the first bowl himself onto the stage of his little theatre.

Lucky at cards, unlucky in love, goes an old adage. Thus, if you do well in any kind of game in France, your luck in love becomes immediately suspect. After all, you can't have everything, can you?

Duvallier has a young and pretty wife, and though his skill at bowls makes his pals in the game certain he must, therefore, be a cuckold, the retired old landowner is philosophical about it. *Que sera sera,* and all that sort of thing. (He's also got a maid with fancy ideas about becoming a high-class courtesan, like Camille or Messalina. As you can see, he's got a houseful of it.)

The sudden indisposition of the household pooch brings the local veterinarian into the menage. And like the man who stayed to dinner, he, too, stays on — being younger and handsomer than the husband — as the lover of the wife,

a contretemps which the husband only discovers by chance. (You'll see how this is brought about, through his liking for ravioli.)

What to do? He asks several people what *they'd* do. He is even confronted by his wife's contrite lover who gives him the chance to avenge his honor in a duel.

"What? You want to make me a murderer?" says the husband.

"Then I'll have to run off somewhere — to China," says the lover.

"And abandon me, to whom you've been so useful? And abandon my wife, too? You egotist!" exclaims the husband.

"Then what of convention?" asks the bewildered lover.

"Blast convention!" says the husband. "Life is supportable only through little revolutions, revolutions in eating habits, in the bedroom, in the public squares, all storms in teacups. . . ."

Once again they're gathered in the public square, all of them this time, including the wife and lover, to watch the expertise of the retired old landowner at the playoff game for the village championship at bowls. Duvallier is his old expert self with his skill and again brings an admiring, "Duvallier, you certainly *must* be a cuckold!"

By which time you will have guessed the final peroration that rings down the curtain on the wry and wistful **Little Theatre of Jean Renoir.**

HAL AIGNER

SAN FRAN LETTER

Following in the wake of the beatnik poetry of the 50s and the rock music of the 60s, filmmaking has taken root in the San Francisco Bay Area and promises to become the region's major artistic wave for the next decade.

Within the last year, five production companies have opened in the Bay city, joining two already established. A dozen and a half feature films are in progress and talent is being drawn up from Los Angeles.

The cinema activity is occuring some 50 years after Essanay Studios, the first movie company in the West, filmed 700 one- and two-reel Westerns, featuring the original screen cowboy Bronco Billy Anderson, in the small town of Niles in the East Bay.

Niles was also the birthplace of five Charlie Chaplin movies including **The Tramp,** his first slapstick-pathos masterpiece.

The close of the Sixties marked hard times for Hollywood. Losses from Paramount, MGM, Fox and Warner Brothers last year totaled more than $200 million. Filmmakers, directors, scriptwriters and editors began to move north. Many are long-hairs, radical and have a strong personal involvement in their work. Most are fresh out of film schools or have surfaced from the underground with little personal experience. They share a disdain, dislike or distrust of Hollywood.

"It's a very cold, ruthless town," says George Lucas, 25, who is writing and directing American Zoetrope's first feature **THX-1138**, a science fiction adventure. "They built a wall around the industry and didn't bring in any new talent. They ignored the film schools. Now the people are dying off and they've got no one to replace them, no one who was brought up on any intelligent system."

Curt Imrie, 23, head of the Reel Company, a firm he formed with three university friends, got a degree in film but couldn't find — in his estimation — a decent job in Hollywood. His complaints are typical:

"I thought if I could get into the Cameraman's union there would be a chance of working up — but they're not about to let anyone young in. Once in awhile I could get commercials but that wasn't steady. I worked for six different companies, cutting and directing at scab wages and not getting anywhere."

Imrie, backed by a Chicago investment firm, soon will start shooting the Reel Company's first film, **Baboquivari** (named after a mountain in Arizona), about a college student who joins VISTA in hopes of outwitting the draft. He is sent to an Indian reservation where his fraternity lifestyle undergoes a radical transformation.

What has attracted filmmakers like Lucas and Imrie to San Francisco is the wide variety of close-by location settings and cooperative unions which do less featherbedding. Plus, setting up an independent studio assures a director of greater artistic control than Hollywood can with its corporate attitudes.

"One thing happening now is a re-examination of the whole industry," says William Bushnell, 32-year-old former production director for the American Conservatory Theatre and head of Williams Films, the city's second largest movie company. "This means a lot more creative freedom. I think ultimately that means film will go in new directions. There are going to be more personal statements made."

Williams Films is currently working on two movies: **The Prisoner,** about the capture and interrogation of a suspected Viet Cong, and **The Fifth Horseman,** an espionage adventure about a small-scale personal war between an Isreali Secret Serviceman and a Nazi war criminal.

From the Bay Area's thriving underground, Paramour Films and Good Clean Fun Films have garnered the strength to enter into the commercial field.

Paramour Films is headed by Steve Arnold, 24, a shy wispish fellow with long brown hair spraying below his shoulders. His previous works include **Messages, Messages** (shown recently at the Cinema Français in Paris), **The Liberation of the Mannique Mechanique,** and **Various Incarnations of a Tibetan Seamstress.**

Arnold's first feature film is **Luminous Procuress,** a 90-minute journey through a cosmic bordello in which two virtuous young men, led by madam figure Pandora, are psychically liberated by viewing a number of increasingly anomalous erotic events.

Working with a scant budget of $15,000 — expected to go to $25,000 when prints are made — the movie was made in six weeks. Shooting took place every day, with set designers, costume and make-up personnel often working 10 or 15 hours a day for a few minutes of finished film. The work is scheduled to premiere in New York late this summer.

Good Clean Fun Films is producing a comedy-satire entitled **Marijuana Hell**, a spoof starring the Congress of Wonders, a hip comedy trio who serve as henchmen of Mister Big in the American Marijuana Syndicate and seduce three virtuous young ladies into smoking the "killer weed."

The film's camera work will be done by Ben VanMeter, who has been making films here since 1962 (**Poontang Trilogy, Acid Mantra, Naked Zodiac**), and Kelly Hart, a former vice president of the Hell's Angels.

Big Brother and the Holding Company and Dan Hicks and His Hot Licks have expressed an interest in doing the sound track and members of the Grateful Dead, Quicksilver Messenger Service and Jefferson Airplane are scheduled for cameo roles.

Of these five companies, American Zoetrope has more personnel, equipment and money than all the others combined. It is headed by Francis Ford Coppola, 31-year-old director of **Finian's Rainbow, The Rain People,** and **You're a Big Boy Now.** His policy of seeking out filmmakers, rather than good scripts or novels, has resulted in 15 young filmmakers being subsumed into the organization.

Most notable are John Korty (**Crazy Quilt, Funnyman, Riverrun**), who is currently working on a Gold Rush story **Have We Seen the Elephant?**, Scott Barlett (**Metanomen, OffOn, A Trip to the Moon, Moon**), doing video films, and Steve Wax, doing **Santa Rita**, a film based on last year's Berkeley's People's Park incident and the ensuing events at the prison. Coppola is working on **Theo**, a love story set in San Francisco, and **The Conversation**, about privacy and eavesdropping.

This plethora of new talent joins Lee Mendelson Films, in Burlingame, and American Documentary Films, in San Francisco, to give the Bay Area a formidable film industry.

Heretofore, Mendelson has concentrated primarily on television specials but is responsible for **You're a Good Man Charlie Brown**, and plans to move into live action features next spring. ADF is not strictly speaking a commercial company but enjoys widespread influence because of the political-social works it produces. Leftist and anti-establishment in nature, the 92 films in its library are screened by activist groups all over the country. Its research and education director estimates that during the December Moratorium, for example, more than 100,000 people viewed ADF films.

San Francisco's film industry, in less than a year, has leaped from virtual nonexistence to become a thriving community of active cinema artists who are pouring much time, energy and money into their work. Five years ago, rock music was little more than The Charlatans and a gleam in Marty Balin's eye as he started to put together Jefferson Airplane. Soon, the movie makers may be bringing it all back home too.

LETTER FROM LISBON

Two of the best representatives of the Yugoslav school of animated film are Aleksander Marks and Vladimir Jutrisa. Marks and Jutrisa have been collaborating for some time. Among the films created by these two filmmakers, one would have to mention *The Fly* (1966). It deals with the relationship between a man and a fly, whose irksome persistence transforms him into a real obsession for the man: the fly becomes a true monster in his mind.

After creating an animated film for children, *The Little Mermaid* (1968), based on the Hans Christian Andersen story, Marks and Jutrisa recently finished a new film, *The Spider*, a symbolic parable on the subject of evil. A brief summary of this film follows:

In the depths of a gloomy, mysterious room with no perceivable end, covered in cobwebs, we hear a man's footsteps. The man appears, frightened and lost in this solitary gloom. With each step, with a great deal of effort, he has to clear away the cobwebs in his path. After clearing a small area, he lies down and sleeps, but he soon wakes with a start to discover that a new cobweb is covering his resting-place. The battle against the clinging webs is renewed, and again he tries to sleep, but his repose is interrupted by the web which recovers the cleared spot. Fear becomes terror. At the height of his panic, a spider appears—enormous, hideous, dangerous. In relation to the man, the spider is not so large, but the speed with which it prevents each attempt at flight creates an inescapable situation for the man. However, when the tentacles of the spider press his neck, he, in his despair, discovers a new impetus and begins a terrible battle, if not for his safety, at least for a courageous death. During the savage battle, the spider loses its limbs, and finally the man, like a wild animal, throws himself on the spider and destroys all trace of its body. Exhausted, he sleeps; during his sleep a morbid metamorphosis begins: the features of his face are transformed, deformed; his appearance loses its human aspects and takes on those of an insect. From the spot where the man was resting, a spider arises, just as abominable and dangerous as the one which was destroyed. In the distance, we again hear approaching footsteps, and the monster which has just been born scurries up above to its ambush.

Vasco Granja

BOOKS

Steven H. Scheuer (ed.), *Movies on TV*, 5th revised edition, Bantam Books, 404 pp., $1.25.

Leonard Maltin (ed.), *TV Movies*, Signet Books, 535 pp., $1.25.

●

Movies on TV and *TV Movies* are unfortunate titles. But then the titles of the first book's earlier editions were worse (*TV Movie Almanac & Ratings*, 1958, *TV Key Movie Reviews & Ratings*, 1961, and *TV Key Movie Guide* in 1966) and the present titles will sell a lot of copies to the non-moviegoing public for which the books are intended — that majority of Nixon's silent Americans over 30 which does its movie-viewing in front of the television. And then, too, there is nothing wrong with Bantam and Signet picking up some coins by selling to the cats with the money by stressing TV. I have seen more films on the tube than in theatres anyway, so there should be no complaints. And I have none really.

It's only that the titles are going to scare some of us away. Because even now, hip to McLuhan, "TV" an inch or two inches high (as printed on each book's cover) stimulates responses we engineered in ourselves before McLuhan — "Oh, I rarely watch TV, sometimes Bullwinkle or Cronkite, but . . . uh . . . other than a movie if a good one's on, I got better things . . .", etc. And *TV Movies* and *Movies on TV* are worth the paperback price, well worth it if you dig film (and who doesn't or even dares not to dig it in 1970). They are useful reference works, especially for those of us who can't afford thirty dollar books like *The American Movies Reference Book*.

Movies on TV is written by editor Scheuer and unidentified members of *TV Key*'s staff as a guide to feature films being shown on American television. Over 7,000 movies are listed from the approximately 14,000 released to the tube. Each listing includes the date of the film's theatrical release, the country in which it was produced (if other than the United States), the main actors, a review (?) averaging two or three sentences, and a rating from one to four stars. Sometimes the film's director is mentioned if he is a "name" or if the reviewer really digs the movie. Occasionally the writer, though that is rare, and sometimes the producer (if he's Stanley Kramer).

The length of the reviews is understandable. The brevity makes obvious, however, bias that would be rationalized by magazine or newspaper critics in extended rhetoric. Scheuer and company are uncomfortable judging Jerry Lewis films for example. *The Bellboy*, one of the few good American comedies since the War, better than any Laurel and Hardy feature and comparable with good Marx Brothers work or W.C. Fields, is dismissed: "Madcap misadventures of a bungling bellboy in a posh Florida hotel, and that's it — no plot, just a series of Lewis-oriented gags. Matter of taste; fans will collapse with hilarity, others apt to sit there straight-faced." The film is rated fair, two stars. On the other hand, W.C. Fields' boring *My Little Chickadee* is reviewed: "The Fields-West combo was one of the funniest ever and this film is a permanent reminder. An effort was made to introduce a silly western plot. Forget it and listen to the great man's asides! " The movie is rated excellent, four stars.

Though the rating system may have been inevitable because of limited review space, it is no less ridiculous. Better critics than these reviewers have been lured by such rating methods of course (it's an easy cop-out), but think of an art critic rating works at a biennial or at a Pollack or a Kline or at anybody's retrospective with stars. It boggles the mind.

The star ratings are more an indication of the reviewers' heads than a guide to movie-viewing. Some of the more interesting ratings: *Lillies of the Field, Becket, Pillow Talk, Cat Ballou, Night of the Iguana, The Savage Eye, The Pawnbroker*, and *The World of Henry Orient* are among Scheuer's 4 star films. At least a half star lower are *The Thin Man, A Touch of Evil, North by Northwest, Million Dollar Legs, The Trial*, and *Yesterday Today and Tomorrow. Help* and *Lord of the Flies* are rated lower than *Bye Bye Birdie, The Chalk Garden*, and *One Two Three. Roustabout* is rated higher than *The Man Who Could Work Miracles, One Eyed Jacks*, and *Soldier in the Rain*.

All in all, however, *Movies on TV* makes it because it remains, regardless of so-so reviews and inept ratings, a hefty reference to over 7,000 films — when they were made, where, with whom, by whom (often), and a little of what they're about. That's no little thing for a buck and a quarter.

TV Movies was published last September. It is reasonable to assume that Signet was aware of Bantam's *Movies on TV* (in various editions since 1958) and was hip to the possibilities of moneymaking that this kind of book would offer. No one can blame them for getting in on a good thing. But *TV Movies* is a copy more than not — it is intended to be a television viewer's guide, it lists 8,000 or so films (which is just enough over the 7,000 listed in *Movies on TV* to make the volume the more saleable), and each listing includes the year of release, the major actors, the national origin, a short review, and a four star rating.

Unfortunately for my sense of justice, *TV Movies* goes beyond the older book at this point, not because of Signet's competitive (moneygrubbing) spirit I suspect, but because the book's editor is a little hipper to films than Scheuer of *Movies on TV*. Leonard Maltin, editor of *Film Fan Monthly*, and his assistants James Parrish and Florence Solomon, list the director of every film, whether they think it makes it or not. They also print the original length of each film. Additionally, the lists of actors are more complete. *Movies on TV* tells us that Orson Welles and Joseph Cotton act in *Citizen Kane*. *TV Movies* lists not only Welles and Cotton but also Everett Sloane, Agnes Moorehead, Dorothy Comingore, Harry Shannon, Ray Collins, and George Coulouris. Finally, there is more extensive background review on the film series features like the Thin Man series, the Falcon, Andy Hardy, the Saint, Blondie, Tarzan, Boston Blackie, etc.

The star ratings in Maltin's book are generally as arbitrary as Scheuer's and the reviews, except in the case of series films, may even be shorter. Bias seems as apparent: Maltin is less receptive to foreign productions than to American and he even seems permissive with some American pap (*The Pawnbroker, One Two Three, The Defiant Ones*, and others). Again, however, the book makes it because it's a storehouse of film information and not because of its critical excellence or lack of it. Signet has included thirty-two pages of movie star photographs. Though it is interesting to speculate why Frankie Avalon's picture got in when Brando's didn't, the photos shouldn't bother anyone.

TV Movies and *Movies on TV* are useful and inexpensive reference works. If you buy only one, make it Maltin's.

Movies on TV: **1/2

TV Movies: ***1/2

Douglas Sharples

NEW CINEMA OF CANADA LTD.
298 Avenue Road
Toronto 7 Ontario
(416) 920-8411

Our policy at **NEW CINEMA of CANADA** is to present first-run films by contemporary film-makers in their original, uncut versions for special showings across Canada on an exclusive basis.

RELEASES FROM N.C.C.:

NEWIES

WIND FROM THE EAST : a godard western written by danny the red.
SYMPATHY FOR THE DEVIL : (1+1) jean luc godard directs the rolling stones.
VOICES : richard mourdant's documentary on godard.
GLADIATOR : by peter watkins, maker of *the war game*.
BRAND X : (win chamberlain) "filthy, good-humoured, crass" — *new yorker*. "vulgar, dirty, hilarious" — *n.y. times*.
CRIMES OF THE FUTURE : exceptional canadian feature by david (*stereo*) cronenberg.
THE VIRGIN PRESIDENT: what if someone monumentally incompetent became president of the united states?
AKRAN: (richard myers) — "could well have major influence on pix of next decade" — *variety*
SKY PIRATE : that cycle speed freak from *alice's restaurant* hijacks a plane to cuba, andrew meyer style.
MARTYRS OF LOVE : "czech equivalent to the kinkiest most electric new american cinema" — *playboy* (jan nemec)
THE END OF AUGUST AT HOTEL OZONE : (czech-jan schmidt) "a shattering splice of life after the third world war" —*time*
THE JOHARI WINDOW:is in a class by itself. Probing/communicative/introspective - by carleton journalism students.
BRANDY OF THE WILDERNESS: a film-maker's odyssey in america/wilderness

OLDIES

THE SERVANT : directed by joseph losey, screenplay by harold pinter, starring dirk bogarde.
OF MICE AND MEN : steinbeck's novel pulsates greatness in a film with burgess meredith and lon chaney jr.
RATTLE OF A SIMPLE MAN : pleasant, saucy, touching comedy.

Also available is an international variety of short subjects.

"Art is not a reflection of reality. It's the reality of a reflection." — Jean Luc Godard

book now!

ICE

LION'S LOVE

I AM CURIOUS (YELLOW)

THE MAKING OF BUTCH CASSIDY

I CLAUDIUS: THE EPIC THAT NEVER WAS

TWO OR THREE THINGS I KNOW ABOUT HER

CONSPIRACY CIRCUS - CHICAGO 70

CHILDREN OF PARADISE

ZAZIE DANS LE METRO

ME AND MY BROTHER

RAVEN'S END

CONTACT GARY TOPP FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THESE AND MANY OTHER OUTSTANDING 16mm RELEASES!

filmcanada

1 Charles Street E. Toronto 5, Ont. Canada 922-4187

SEND FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE INCLUDING 50 NEW FILMS AND NEW LOW PRICES!